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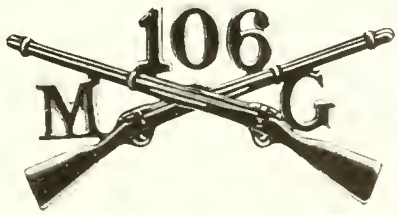
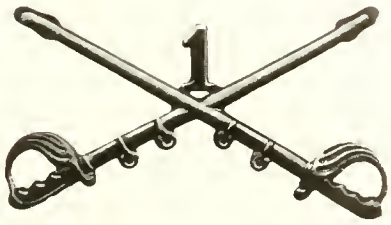


THE NARRATIVE OF COMPANY A 106TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION 27TH DIVISION, UNITED STATES ARMY IN THE "GREAT WAR"

TOGETHER WITH ITS FORMATION
AND A SUMMARY OF THE ACTIVITIES OF ITS PREDECESSORS
TROOPS K AND H
FIRST NEW YORK CAVALRY

EDITED BY
FIRST SERGEANT WALTER R. KUHN



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THE NARRATIVE OF COMPANY A · 106TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION · 27TH DIVISION UNITED STATES ARMY · IN THE "GREAT WAR"

NOT having compiled, written or edited a history or encyclopaedia lately, we take our Waterman Ideal in hand for the edification and gratification of ourselves. Orient yourself and visualize the exhausted, brain-fagged and Kaffee-Hagged editors, torn by shot and shell, endeavoring to present a worthy narrative in chronological order of the fads, fancies and facts, together with cause and effect, of the relations of Company A, 106th Machine Gun Battalion, 27th Division with the Powers of the world during the recent commotion in Europe. You will agree that it is a tough detail and a trick on K.P. is an off Sunday in comparison.

The respective genealogies of the editors have been traced and nowhere has the blood of a Xenophon, Caesar, Macaulay, Greene or other historian of any note been "outed" and we all know "Blood will out." No apologies of any sort are proffered or suggested. This historette is a *magnus opus*, a work of love, although a "heluva" job. The real hard work has been done by Joseph F. Joyce, Charles H. Wadhams, Thomas F. Kane, W. Frank Collins, C. Cyril Joyce, Otto Ostendorf, Albert L. Nelson, Hamilton C. Griswold and Henry P. Smythe. These men have narrated the several epochs of the life of the company. The limits of a work of this nature have forced the editor to blue pencil to too great an extent their commendable efforts.

To seek the origin of Company A we must mope through the archives of the First New York Cavalry of the State of New York. We there find that Troop K had its beginning nearly twenty-three years ago when as the Fourth Platoon of Troop C, National Guard of New York, commanded by Captain Bertram C. Clayton, it developed and made manifest the efficiency and discipline by which it was ever afterward characterized. In 1909, Troop C, with a membership of one hundred and fifty and a waiting list of twice that number expanded into Squadron C under the command of Major, now Brigadier General, Charles I. DeBevoise, known and loved as "Debby" and the Fourth Platoon became Troop 6, commanded by Captain Paul M. Grout. In 1912 the cavalry of the New York National Guard, consisting of Squadron A, Squadron C and eight separate troops was organized into two regiments. Troop 6 of the squadron became Troop B of the Second New York Cavalry, having as its Captain Mortimer D. Bryant who was Colonel of the 107th Infantry, A. E. F., affectionately referred to in those days, as in our own, as "Mort." This apparent casualness was principally and preeminently employed by the men in the troop to hide from the public gaze a respect and admiration both for the man and the soldier that amounted almost to worship. In the autumn of 1913 the Federal Government enacted a law which required National Guard units to conform to the tables of organization of the Regular Army and the two regiments of New York cavalry, each consisting of eight troops, were redistributed to form a regiment and a squadron. Squadron A, with its original troops, reverted to its former status and the remaining troops became the

First New York Cavalry of which Troop B of the Second was designated Troop K.

In 1916 the National Guard was mobilized on the Mexican Border. Troop K, with the other troops of the regiment was called into service June 19th and after a few days at Van Cortlandt Park, New York, entrained at Yonkers and detrained at Mission, Texas, on July 5th, hiking to McAllen the following day. The regiment, which included Troop H of Rochester, which later took an important part in the organization of Company A of the 106th Machine Gun Battalion, remained at McAllen from July 6th until the fifth of March, 1917, and during that period transpired the host of events the narrative of which is so often preceded by the famous words "When we were down on the Border."

At this point it is apropos to command "as you were" and digress a bit to look into the "where and whyfore" of the famous H troop. The "apple-knocker" contingent was mustered into the National Guard of the State of New York on April 16, 1912. Mr. Ralph Hurst, who for some reason or other was obliged to go to Rochester to engage in business, had been a member of the Syracuse troop and it was he who revived the possibility of enlarging a group of men who rode together frequently into a troop. The county and city officials of the "Flower City" immediately approved of the possibilities of forming a troop and this approval, with the co-operation of influential business men, resulted in the formation of a cavalry troop. Colonel Bridgeman of the New York National Guard mustered some fifty men into service as members of Troop H, First New York Cavalry, at the Hotel Seneca, Rochester, N. Y. The following July the troop was ordered to Manlius, New York, for a period of training which lasted one week. The horses of D troop of Syracuse were provided for their use and it was here that Troop H received its first cavalry experience under the supervision of Captain, now Major General, Lincoln C. Andrews who had been detailed as cavalry instructor from the Regular Army. The following spring Captain Henry R. Allen and First Lieutenant Guy Ellis resigned their commissions and the next September Charles M. Tobin received his commission as Captain with Benjamin Briggs as First Lieutenant and Carl Loebs, through the resignation of Lieutenant Hurst, was made Second Lieutenant. On July 7, 1916, H Troop arrived at McAllen and joined the rest of the regiment.

The first camp developed into little better than a morass and aside from the discomfort thus engendered it became almost impossible to keep horses and men in good health. The health record of the regiment during its ten months' stay is an eloquent testimonial to the unremitting and efficient efforts of the officers to do everything possible for the well-being of the men, an effort which was equalled only by the attention which the men devoted to the horses. In this connection it is well to remember "G. O. No. 7." This General Order was an innovation in the annals of the Army made by Major-General John F. O'Ryan, the commander of the Sixth Division, reminding the men of the disastrous results of imbibing vinous beverages to excess on account of the extreme heat. This order applied only to members of the Sixth Division stationed in McAllen and Pharr and as good soldiers, who kick at everything, the men complained bitterly of the injustice of the order but as we look back at those days we now realize the wisdom of it.

About the middle of September we moved into what was known as the new camp which was as nearly an ideal camp as favorable location and hard work could make it. The roads around and through the camp were well made and graded. The troop streets were lined on both sides with palms, transplanted and cared for, with great labor and much profanity, by the men. At the foot of each street, just beyond the rumor centers, were picket lines and beyond those the corrals and every troop was provided with a saddle room where each man had a rack for his saddle, bridle and other horse equipment. There were four commodious shower

BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES I. DEBEVOISE

baths in the camp and just beyond the camp limits, tennis and handball courts. Too much credit cannot be given to the hard work, enthusiasm and interest displayed by Lieutenant Edward Ralfdiris of Troop K, later a Captain of Field Artillery in the American Expeditionary Forces, and his assistants, in the construction of this camp. It was known from one end of the border to the other as a model.

The numerous hikes, of course, always mounted, to Stirling's Ranch, Brownsville, Point Isabel and Ojo d'Agua, left many pleasant reminiscences of the "outing" on the border. The regiment in January, 1917, turned out "en masse" to root for the cavalry football team in the game against the Second Texas Infantry, at San Antonio, Texas. Our trip ended January 21st, which in the minds of the men at that time was comparable to November 11, 1918, the day of the armistice in the great war. We then considered that our work on the border was over and rumors were rife that the regiment would move shortly. Finally the order to return was received and on March 5, 1917, we entrained at West McAllen station and proceeded northward. On March 20th the regiment was mustered out of the Federal service but still remained a part of the New York National Guard. The first squadron of the regiment was out of service but ten days when they were ordered to patrol the aqueduct for protection against plots against the Government by the German Intelligence Department.

War having been declared on April 6, 1917, against Germany, the men in the regiment realized that it would be only a question of time when they would be again called to the colors. Out of some thirteen hundred men the First New York Cavalry furnished more than seven hundred officers to the United States Army. This necessarily depleted the ranks of Troops H and K of the men who had service in Texas. On July 16, 1917, the National Guard of the State of New York was called into service. General routine work was held at the respective armories throughout the State and on August 15th the regiment mobilized at the Bliss Estate, known as "Owl's Head" Camp in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, and a tough war was here fought. On October 9th the regiment entrained for Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, South Carolina. Up to this time we still had our horses and brought them with us to Camp Wadsworth But on detraining in the "Sunny South" we were informed that the horses were to be turned over to the Remount Station. Thereupon a great transformation scene was depicted and we were christened "Machine Gunners." Seventy-one men of Troop H were transferred, together with the entire Troop K to form Company A of the 106th Machine Gun Battalion. Captain Alson Shantz, who had been so instrumental in bringing Troop H to its high standard of efficiency, was ordered to the new Ammunition Train that was being formed. First Lieutenand Carl Loebs and Second Lieutenant Roger Wellington, both charter member of old Troop H, were transferred to Company A, 106th Machine Gun Battalion.

It took no longer than the time required for "Johnny" Reilly to polish off a scuttle of suds, to weld Troop H and Troop K together. The spirit and loyalty displayed by these troops in Texas, and Bay Ridge, was the inheritance received by the new organization. Captain Harry H. Spencer who had commanded Troop K since 1915 and throughout the Texas campaign continued as Captain of the new company. John S. Roberts — "our own Jake" — who had been "top-kicker" of Troop K in Texas became the other first lieutenant. Edgar T. Beamish, hereafter referred to as "Beamo" and known previously in Texas as "Robidee" exchanged a worn-out Sergeant's bunk from Texas for an officer's billet in Spartanburg and was the other second lieutenant. With this personnel of officers the Company expanded its chest and daringly exclaimed: "Bring on your hundred million Germans." Albert L. Sopp, was burdened with the cares, trials and tribulations of the company in the capacity of first sergeant.

COLONEL MORTIMER D. BRYANT

True to form, as the residents of McAllen, Texas, had enlightened us on the beauties and atmospheric conditions of the Lone Star State, the dizzy Southerners extolled the pleasantries of the "Sunny South" and informed us of the ideal climate that always prevailed south of the Mason and Dixon Line. The elements were good to us and showered blessings upon us in the form of rain, snow, hail, mud, wind, thunder and lightning, in short, everything but sunshine.

Intensive training was inaugurated and the men prepared to perfect themselves for the great battles overseas. Besides the regular drills, hikes and instruction in infantry and machine gun work, practice trenches had been dug in the wilds of Spartanburg which on several occasions were occupied by the company. In preparation for a trick in the trenches the men would don every conceivable garment including woolen wristlets, sweaters, and helmets furnished by the loving hands of "mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts." The training we received as a division in these practice trenches made the breaking of the Hindenburg Line inevitable for we there acquired such an utter loathing and wholehearted hatred of trench warfare, even to the smallest detail of trench routine, that smashing the Hun trenches was after all a small matter and a thing to be expected.

Simulated conditions prevailed to such a high degree that they became quite realistic. Imaginery guns were mounted and sentinels posted to patrol across "No-Man's Land" into the blackness and stillness of the night where solitary figures stalked and moved with the utmost precaution, wearing white bands around slouch hats, and endeavoring to creep upon the men on guard unawares. The nights were cold and dawn seemed ever laggard while the days seemed infinitely aged before they tottered off with dragging feet into the fading west. Each day at cold gray dawn we "stood to" as realistically as possible until the light had softened the face of the earth and allowed us to step down into the damp and earthy smelling trenches again. We had little sleep and not much food and night brought with it again the necessity of constant vigilance beneath the stars with every nerve tense and expectant, not for Huns but for a far more deadly enemy — the inspecting officer of the trench zone. The inspecting officers used every means in their power to make conditions resemble as nearly as possible actual battle conditions and they came very near succeeding, but our sense of humor saved us from getting too excited. Incidentally that same sense of humor kept us sane in Flanders and France in the great crucible of actual war.

On December 15th, again our pride was injured by the order requiring us to substitute for our yellow hat-cords of cavalry and leather puttees, the canvas leggins and the Alice-blue symbol of the common ordinary doughboys. Then there was gnashing of teeth and pulling of hair to say nothing of original and sincere profanity against the authors of our degradation. Early in December rehearsals began for the minstrel show entitled "Cavalry Days" which was staged, managed and produced by "Bill" Halloran, formerly a buck private in Troop E in Texas, commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the 17th Infantry, National Guard of New York and later assigned to Company A. Many of A Company starred in this performance when it was put across on January 5th in the Converse College Auditorium to a crowded house with the inevitable sign of "S. R. O."

On January 5, 1918, the Officers' Training School at Spartanburg was established. First Sergeant Sopp, Supply Sergeant McDonnell and Sergeants Grant and King were selected to attend this school and after a severe course of training graduated with honors and were commissioned artillery officers. At this time there were vacancies in the ranks of the officers of the 106th Machine Gun Battalion and through the efforts of Major Bryant these men obtained assignments to the battalion. Lieutenants McDonnell and Grant came to Company A while Lieutenants Sopp and King were assigned to Com-

CAPTAIN PAUL M. GROUT

pany D and Sergeant Ward was promoted to First Sergeant.

Machine Guns were finally issued to us in February and practice was held on a one thousand inch range. The men took a keen interest in the guns owing to the competition for high score and the rivalry existing between the different squads and platoons. In March we learned with great regret that Captain Harry H. Spencer was to be transferred to the Machine Gun Company of the 108th Infantry and that Captain Kenneth Gardiner of the Machine Gun Company of the 107th Infantry was to be placed in command. At a "So-Long" dinner given at the Finch Hotel in Spartanburg to Captain Spencer, Major Bryant and all the officers of the company paid tribute to the sterling qualities as a soldier, leader, good-fellow and comrade of Captain Spencer.

An epidemic of influenza, spinal meningitis and measles broke out in the camp and the untiring efforts of Lieutenant Tibbutt (later promoted to the rank of Captain) and of "Buddy" Neergaard were instrumental in holding down the sickness in our battalion to a minimum. Although "Buddy" was in the medical corps, each company in the battalion claimed him as their own but he "dined and reposed" so much with Company A that the men of our company always considered that theirs was the prior claim. He had a tough job and more than held it down with credit.

Early in April the battalion was ordered to Glassy Rock range in the Blue Ridge Mountains, about thirty miles distant from Camp Wadsworth. Infantry packs had previously been issued to the company but without the combination for same. They might just as well have been so many bird cages as contrivances for carrying the wardrobes of the men. Many "mean" packs were rolled that early morning. It was genuine A Company weather, a light drizzle and black clouds overhead promising a deluge. Captain Gardiner had been assigned as acting major of the 105th Machine Gun Battalion, First Lieutenant Carl Loebs had been transferred and promoted to the rank of Captain of the 102nd Supply Train, leaving Lieutenant Roberts in command of the company. It took three days to make the hike, our destination being disclosed as a desolate sort of place, simply a clearing perhaps a mile square with Glassy Rock looking down upon it. The company remained in this vicinity about ten days studying problems, machine gun fire and the tactical use of the guns. Orders were received to return to Camp Wadsworth and there were rumors in the air that the division was to move shortly for France. The return hike consumed but two days and upon arrival in camp found that Freddy Schmidt who had been detailed to remain in camp, had provided hot showers and a big dinner. The experiences at Glassy Rock were beneficial and although entailing a great amount of endurance the men were all in good spirits. Upon our arrival in camp it was announced that Lieutenant Roberts had been promoted to the rank of captain and was to be in command overseas. Joy was unconfined at this announcement.

A few days after our return from Glassy Rock we received the word that we were shortly to depart for France and it cannot be said that there was any regret evidenced at the prospect of leaving Spartanburg. With the sixty men from Camp Upton to bring the company up to its complement of war strength, on the thirtieth day of April we entrained for Newport News, Virginia. The trip was uneventful and we pulled into Camp Stuart the following morning and were assigned to barracks.

Experiences of the Men at Upton

While the original company had been in training at Bay Ridge and at Spartanburg from August, 1917, until April, 1918, it is well to consider the attitude of those men who had been called to the National Army pursuant to the Selective Service Act. The contingent of men who had been inducted into the service at their respective Local Boards throughout the Greater City and who had received their first training at

CAPTAIN HARRY H. SPENCER

Camp Upton, Yaphank, Long Island and had subsequently been transferred to Camp Wadsworth, dated their service from April fourth, fifth and sixth, 1918. These men had been chosen as machine gunners by a committee headed by Major (later Lieutenant Colonel), Edward McLeer, known throughout the cavalry as "Big Ed." The popular Colonel had for many years acted on the Character Committee on Admissions of the First New York Cavalry. This experience gave him a great insight into human nature and it served Company A well in his selection of the men who were to join the organization and become part of it. The men themselves already presented a most favorable contrast to their appearance when they reported at Camp Upton. There they had arrived at Yaphank in their civilian clothes, some neat and some shabby. Some had on sweaters, others overcoats; some wore half military and half civilian clothes of one or more countries. Some were shaven, others had a week's growth of bristles on their chins. Some were sober, some were drunk; some carried suitcases, large and small, while others had only themselves. A cold, biting wind had been blowing and the men were obliged to stand for some time until the officers in charge could look after the numerous details necessary in an army. The men were drawn up in a long double column while their teeth rattled in the cold and their knees beat out a nervous rhythm to the tune of coughs which were being emitted from hundreds of husky throats. A roll-call was taken by the officer in charge. This was the first bit of military routine that the recent civilians and not-yet soldiers experienced. At the end of the first military roll-call came the first military command "Forward, March." The command meant little at that time except to pick up what luggage one had and haul it and oneself in a ragged column toward the camp.

The men were conducted to barracks which were permanent two-story wooden frame buildings with slanting roofs. Around the outside of the buildings were small hedges and gravel pathways and close to the sides were flower gardens. In many cases clam shells, fancifully arranged in odd designs designated the company or the outfit that lived inside the building. The buildings were constructed to house comfortably about two hundred and fifty men. On the first floor was a large dining-hall and kitchen, a large room for sleeping quarters, a supply room and the orderly room. The kitchen consisted of a large coal range with all the necessary cooking utensils, a counter over which kind-hearted K. P.'s served the food and a special compartment for the cooks' sleeping quarters. The dining-hall was fully equipped with tables and benches. The second floor was used entirely for sleeping purposes. Next to the main barracks was an auxiliary building containing shower-baths and other modern sanitary conveniences. Running water, hot and cold, was available at all times and in the sleeping quarters there were large stoves for heating purposes and electric lights. All sleeping quarters were equipped with regulation Army steel spring cots while about twenty windows on each long side and about four on each end assured the inmates of plenty of light by day and an abundance of cold fresh air at night.

Most every evening there was an entertainment of some sort. The amusements varied from movies one night to musical programmes, vaudeville sketches, exhibition boxing bouts and lectures. At no time was any man able to complain of the lack of entertainment. The K. of C. gave enjoyment through movies, band concerts, dances and social "get-togethers;" even Victrolas were at the disposal of the troops. The Army Post Exchange furnished ample supplies for the soldiers' needs. Still complaints were profuse. If the men could have but looked into the future three months they would have been contented to know that they were enjoying the closest thing to Heaven they were to see for some time. During this time the men were under quarantine in the sense that they were not permitted to leave camp. There had been rumors that twenty-four

CAPTAIN ALSON SHANTZ

hour passes were to be given to the men to enable them to go to their respective homes in New York City. Elaborate plans had been made for the good time in the metropolis but sad to relate at the last minute the report proved to be only a rumor and instead of the long looked for "furlough" the men were ordered to pack up for the South. An opportunity was given to telephone one's folks or to communicate with them by telegraph in order to have them come to camp some time Friday to say a last goodbye. A large number of the relatives and friends took advantage of this opportunity and journeyed to Yaphank. The last train left camp at four o'clock and on it went most of the devoted ones away from the boys they were not to see again for more than a year. In some cases they were never to see the brave lad who so willingly, since then made the supreme sacrifice in Belgium and in France.

This was the novitiate of A Company's last contingent in the army, a strenuous two weeks at Camp Upton made up for the most part of physical examinations, outfitting the men with full equipment, inoculations against typhoid, para-typhoid, small-pox and influenza to say nothing of drills and instruction in the manual of arms and the school of the soldier.

As the men journeyed southward they were received at the various stations en route by large delegations of patriotic people. The journey ended at noon on the twenty-second of April at Spartanburg, South Carolina where they were welcomed by a band of the Twenty-seventh Division. On April 26th selection of the men, as heretofore noted, was made by Lieutenant-Colonel McLeer and the contingent that was to join Company A was conducted to the company area. Captain Roberts greeted the men and in a short time impressed upon them the ideals of Company A of the 106th Machine Gun Battalion at the same time showing them how actively he was interested in the welfare of his new charges.

Camp Stuart, Virginia

Immediately after being assigned to barracks the battalion received orders that it was to be under strict quarantine and that no passes were to be issued to the men to visit Old Point Comfort, Newport News or Norfolk. The telephone was at our disposal, however, and immediately the usual Army "line" was formed to get in touch with our folks in New York. Bert Morley, always a couple of jumps ahead of anybody else was greeted upon our arrival by his parents and the now Mrs. Morley. The company was completely outfitted and successfully passed through one more physical examination. Within the next forty-eight hours, evidence of the whole-hearted support of the folks at home was apparent by the arrival of the relatives and friends of the men. Although we had become, as we thought, seasoned soldiers and strong-willed enough not to give way to our emotions, the realization of the sacrifices and discomforts our dear ones had made in journeying to Newport News to bid us a fond farewell could not but prey upon our minds and did much to help us restrain any evidence of our feelings. There are few of us who will forget the last night at Camp Stewart.

As per schedule, Company A was designated to stand guard from Retreat on May 9th until our departure sometime on May 10th. The last fond farewells had been said and a strict censorship was placed upon the telephone and telegraph communications and the orders were issued for an early reveille the following morning.

With enormous packs we set out for the water-front but it was not until about ten-thirty in the morning that we boarded the U.S.S. Antigone, formerly the North German Lloyd S.S. Nekkar, which had been interned and taken over by our government. The men were ordered below decks and directed to their several compartments which in the majority of cases were located in the bowels of the ship; in comparison, the Black Hole of Calcutta was a Yellow-stone Park. With

no salutation of any kind, the anchor was weighed and we were off for Europe.

The rules of the ship were imparted to the men and great stress was laid upon the fact that all lights must be extinguished at sunset. No smoking was allowed on deck after dark and the men were required to be in their quarters by

MAJOR CARL H. LOEBS

nine o'clock. A look-out guard was established from the personnel of the Army whose duties were exacting and trying, inasmuch as it devolved upon them to report the presence of any object between the ship and the horizon. The men were posted in the crow's nests fore and aft and at certain intervals on either side.

Each man was allotted his position in case the ship was attacked by a submarine and cautioned to proceed quietly but quickly to his place and remain silent. To keep the men in good physical condition the English calisthenics were held during the mild weather. The living and eating conditions can be truthfully described only by saying that they were "rotten." But two meagre meals were served each day and as we look back upon the fare, we cannot help but resent it and we cannot too strongly express our contempt for the Mess Steward, sarcastically referred to as "Big-hearted Tom" for his treatment of the soldiers. To eke out the scanty rations, the men of the company after getting into the good graces of some of the sailors on board, were permitted to purchase loaves of bread at the prevailing rates of one to two dollars per loaf. This fact is merely recorded not as a complaint but to present to the reader the characters of some of the men in the navy.

The "Antigone" was in touch with affairs at home and aboard by wireless. The ships press was put at the disposal of the Army and through the efforts of men of literary ability the first newspaper ever published on a transport was produced: "Hot Stuff—Comin' Thru" the slogan of the "gobs" was its name.

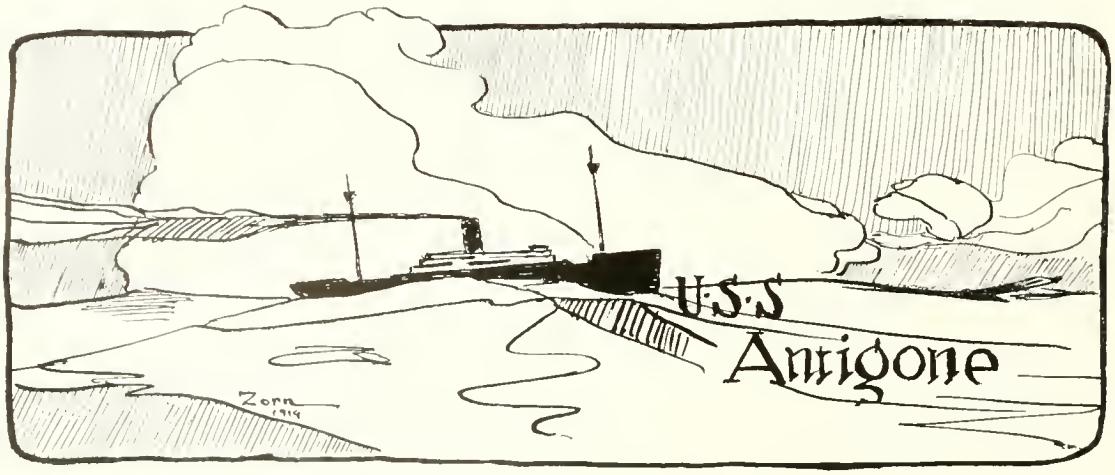
As far as submarines were concerned our trip was uneventful. Target practice was held by the naval officials and we were sure of putting up a stubborn resistance in case of an attack by the demons of the deep. Taking the trip as a whole it cannot be said that our sea voyage was a voyage of comfort and pleasure. It is true that the majority of the days were mild and the sea calm and there was but little mal-de-mer and save for the profiteering propensities of the poverty-stricken sons of Neptune, the trip made little impression upon us other than the fact that we were crossing the Atlantic to foreign shores.

On the last night of our voyage A Company was on guard. This "honor" afforded the men an opportunity to escape the heat and crowded conditions of the sleeping quarters and to be on deck when we hove in sight of land. But land was not the first thing that came within our view. First came the aeroplanes from out of the sky to welcome us to France, next a few fishing

smacks and then, just off the port bow there came out of the mists a gray line above the water's edge and a tower of some sort was faintly silhouetted against the brightening sky. Soon afterwards a little destroyer came skimming out of the harbor and after circling about our stern caught up and passed us on the right with its red-and-blue capped sailors waving a friendly greeting and the tri-color fluttering behind. It was not our fortune to land immediately and we were held about a mile off the piers of Brest for two days. The "EE" glasses of the sergeants were then requisitioned by all hands to get a peek at France and we could see in the distance the prison, the boulevards, the cathedral and several chateau and the American army tents up on the hill.

On May 25th a lighter was swung alongside of the "good ship" Antigone and joyfully the men crossed the gangplank with packs carrying everything but the kitchen stove and jammed up tight on its decks. The detail which had gone ashore the day before to unload baggage was there to greet us and we were informed by the ever observant Riker of the places and points of interest in Brest. The company was quickly formed and our first hike on French soil was commenced. Up, up a winding hill we traveled through the town of Brest and were greeted by the inhabitants who consisted mainly of women, girls, small boys and very old men. We then realized that France had given most of its young men to the Cause. A *petit garcon* marched ahead of the column clad in a black apron, wooden shoes, playing on a tin flute a tune which was recognized as the good old Army song: "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here." This incident showed us that we were not the first Americans to have landed at Brest. We continued through the narrow cobblestone streets with its quaint stone-front houses close to the walk and marched without resting until we were well beyond the outskirts of the farther side of the city. Then came the first halt and with it our first lesson in the French language from an urchin's *S'il vous plait, cigaret pour Papa.* After the halt we continued on to Pontanezen Barracks through the big stone gates where we were met by guides and conducted to our billet.

The barracks themselves were said to have been constructed by Napoleon and used for quartering his troops. They were built of large gray stone, with quaint washrooms and a high stone wall about the entire encampment, not to speak of the gallows and the execution wall. We were placed under strict quarantine and instructed to await orders. At the canteen conducted by the thrifty French, the men were privi-



Mid-Ocean

COMIN' THRU

"Hot Stuff"

Ten Cents Tuesday, May 21, 1918 Cinquante Centimes

WHISPS O' WIRELESS

London. The German air service has been battered to pieces. Since March 21 it is estimated their losses to total seven hundred pilots, observers and mechanics, while one thousand machines have been destroyed.

London. British aviators have photographed Ostend, confirming that Friday morning's enterprise against the submarine base was successful and that the fairway is now blocked.

Columbia, S. C. There have been no further deaths from yesterday's

"U KNOW ME AL"

Broadway is quiet once more. "You know me Al" is now on the briny deep and well do we know it, for we have on board the major part of the original cast as seen in Gotham.

Land or sea, it is all the same to Lieutenant .... for untiring in efforts, he and his able assistants are making our voyage a memorable one.

On May 13th, all on board—rather those who had the good fortune to wedge themselves into the ship's theater had an opportunity to witness seperate-

leged to exchange good American dollars for franc notes which in appearance compared favorably with Chinese laundry tickets. Large luscious strawberries at two francs the hatful were quickly purchased. Chocolate and cigarettes could be obtained at the Y. M. C. A. canteen if one had the patience to withstand a never-ending line. We slept on lattice work beds that resembled chicken coops. In the morning we would awaken stiff-jointed, sorebacked, grouchy and with waffle-like creases in our uniforms. The following day being Sunday no formations were held and in the afternoon the American game of "cat" was first introduced into France by Company A.

The following morning packs were made up and over the same road we had traveled, down through the town of Brest we arrived a second time at the yards where our four-wheeled box cars awaited us. It was our first introduction to the mode of travel furnished by the French Government for soldiers. They looked like toy cars drawn by a toy engine and on the side of each was the marking we were anxious to confirm *Hommes* 10 *Chevaux* 8. When horses were transported the cars were filled with clean straw. We waited about three hours in the yards which afforded the men an opportunity to become acquainted with French modes and customs as exemplified in the nearby estaminets. One of the men whose condition warranted an inquiry as to his indulgence in the beverages of France remarked: "I consumed but two bottles of this local beer and am absolutely at a loss to account for the effect produced." Upon further investigation it appeared that the local beer was of the brand "Cognac" which is more or less pugnacious.

The blast of a horn, more reminiscent of New Year's Eve or of toy balloons, which sounded about four p. m., was the French train-despatcher's method of informing the anxious men to "Prepare to Mount" and shortly afterward the train started on its course to "Somewhere in France." All along the road we were welcomed by the populace of every town, village and hamlet. It was here that we received our first views of the rolling and verdant country of picturesque France. From our side-doors we commanded a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country and we were struck by the great amount of intensive farming which had in most cases been performed by the women. As we passed munition factories

About to Leave Brest for the Great Unknown

there was always a group of women who would stop their work to wave at us and greet us. Women guarded all the railroad crossings, standing with small white flags until the train had passed by. On all sides were advertising signs of Du Bonnet, Vin Tonique, Eau Quinquina,

Chocolat Menier and Cherie Rocher, the last-named being quickly translated, without the aid of a pocket dictionary, into "Jerry-roacher." We were carefree and happy and the fortunate ones had the seats of advantage at the side-doors with legs dangling, a can of bully beef in one hand and in the other some Army pastry, termed by the British "biscuit" but bitterly cursed by the Americans as "hardtack."

Our itinerary during the first two days brought us through the cities of Morlaix, St. Brieve, Rennes, Alencon and Rouen. Our first long stop was on the outskirts of a small town called

Pontanezan Barracks at Brest

Plouaret. We were allowed to get out and stretch and informed that we would have time to visit the nearby town but to return within one hour. Here some more "local beer" was purchased which in many cases helped the men to forget the inconveniences of their surroundings.

It was at Rouen, as we recall, that the French peasant girl, Jeanne d'Arc, after her triumphant march against the English was taken and burned at the stake by them almost five hundred years ago. We crossed the Seine whose very waters we knew had passed under the carved stone bridges of Paris and by the Invalides, the Louvre and Notre Dame, on its way north. Then the "Cook's Tour" continued through a long tunnel and out through the open country once more. It was dusk before we again stopped when an opportunity was given to wash up and stretch and have our cups filled with hot coffee. It was here that we first encountered an English canteen with English speaking girls and it was here that we were introduced to Wild Woodbines and Goldflakes, used extensively by the British in lieu of cigarettes.

Our association with the hospitable English canteen girls was all too short and within an hour we had again started. At times the French engines are able to show some speed but this is usually on a down grade; still, we were a bit interested when ours slowed up, just barely crept along for a time and finally stopped. At the time the reason was unknown to us but we shortly found out that we had reached the vicinity of Abbeville and the Jerry planes were up while the searchlights of the English anti-aircraft batteries were endeavoring to seek out the enemy and prevent him from dropping his deadly bombs. In this "Tommy" was not altogether successful. In the east the whole sky seemed to light up in quick successive flashes followed by distinct though distant rumblings. It was here we first realized we were on the threshhold of danger. The railroad station and a large area about it had been demolished by the Jerry bombs as we saw in the morning when we pulled into Abbeville.

The following afternoon we reached Noyelles. Up to this time our barrack bags had been with us or near us and we were all under the impression that the bags with all our earthly belongings would continue to be part of our impedimenta. At Noyelles, however, the bags were unloaded and hauled to a nearby field where we were instructed to take out a clean suit of underwear and socks and change them in the field, if we so desired, and to retain only those things which were absolutely necessary. We were consoled by the fact, or rather the rumor, that the bags would be stored and kept for us at Calais and some time in the future, near or remote, would be returned to us intact. So with a fond adieu to the blue bags we started life anew with just what clothes, trinkets and novelties we could carry in our packs. We were then conducted to an English "staging" camp with the "Tommies"

in charge, washed ourselves at the "ablution benches" and enjoyed a sumptuous meal of tea, cheese and marmalade. We did not loiter long and in a few minutes were again on our way, hiking to the town of Nouvoin, not many kilometers distant.

Here we were entertained in an English "rest" camp consisting of streets lined with camouflaged conical tents, in many instances with wooden floors. Twelve men were assigned to each tent and disposed themselves ingeniously in its narrow confines. Fortunately the men were very tired and it was not long before they were sleeping the sleep of the weary if not just. That night a few of the men were awakened by an air raid in the vicinity but the majority slept peacefully through the hum of the Hun planes and the noise of the shrieking shrapnel. The next day, May 30th, in order to celebrate Decoration Day properly, we broke camp at ten o'clock in the morning and started for Rue. This was a short hike of about thirteen miles. It was a sweltering hot day and the packs were heavier than they should have been for the men had been infected with the disease of "accumulitis" and hesitated about disposing of a host of unnecessary articles. We had had but little exercise since our departure from Newport News on May 10th and naturally the men were a bit soft.

We raised the dust on that road from Nouvoin to Rue, marching at route order, and the A Company quartet kept the men in high spirits. We had been hiking a little more than an hour along a road lined with tall trees when the command "Halt!" was given to the column. An automobile had met us and stopped beside our Major, and from it descended an English Staff Officer who proved to be Sir Douglas Haig, Field Marshal of the British Forces in France. It was simply a casual meeting; he introduced himself to Major Bryant, inquired what organization we were and requested that we pass in review order. The battalion was brought promptly to attention and marching with heads erect, shoulders back and eyes straight to the front, we swung by in a nonchalant way, looking as cool and unconcerned as possible. We learned afterwards that Sir Douglas was amused at the excess baggage we carried and prophesied that it would not be long before we cast aside every non-essential article.

We finally reached Rue, a pretty little village which like all the others in France was depopulated of young men. We were graciously and hospitably received by the inhabitants for we were the first American soldiers they had seen. The company was billeted by platoons in barns, chateaux and school houses. Some of us slept in attics on wooden cots, others on a stone floor in

A Point of Real Interest in Rue

the school house which was said to have been utilized as a hospital before our arrival while the most fortunate were in a large stable where straw was abundant and the owner M. Martin very agreeable and solicitous for our comfort. The kitchen was in the field behind the barn and the men would eat their frugal meals in the shade of the beautiful orchard. The men quickly adapted themselves to their surroundings and sauntered off to see the town. Chocolat Menier was purchasable for about one hour after our arrival after that time the supply had been exhausted. The men soon became friendly with the proprietors or proprietresses (as the case might be) of the several estaminets. The Hotel Parisien, on the Grand Place of the little town, conducted by a decrepit old man, a buxom woman and *tres jolie* Mlle. Aimee was a most popular resort. (Adv.)

It was in this town that the men were formally and properly introduced to the fifty-seven varieties of French cordials, light wines and beer. The main form of amusement of the inhabitants here was not to retire but to anxiously wait for the hum of the enemy aeroplanes bombing adjacent towns. We were in the Somme district at that time and were informed that the ever elusive front was about thirty kilometers distant. Strict orders had been issued for all lights to be extinguished and even cigarettes could not be smoked on the streets after dark. It was in this town of Rue that the men became accustomed to the pulsating hum of the Jerry planes. It took no time for the large audions that are placed in the cities and at the edge of the towns in France to pick up this sound and determine from which direction it comes and immediately three or four and sometimes as many as fifty shafts of light jump forth and start to comb the Heavens in search of the little silver wasp above. It always is the same and so it happened in just this way on our first night in Rue. Soon there was a confused humming of many planes, enemy and allied, and although many of us imagined a great deal going on above there was nothing to see but the blue sky and the searchlights. However, when the first bombs dropped, and they did drop again that night on Abbeville, the brilliant flashes, the crackling of the "Archies" and the machine guns spitting fire in the air was a spectacle that made us open our mouths in amazement as we stood gathered in the orchard in the rear of the billet.

We were now in the British area and were to be brigaded with the British. This meant that we would be issued English rations and equipment. And instead of requisitioning supplies as is the American Army custom, the mess and supply sergeants were obliged to familiarize themselves with the method of "indenting." The English rations were a mystery to the cooks to say nothing of Mess Sergeant McAlester who was reputed to have been born tired and was jealous of his birthright. More about Mac later. The kitchen force rose to the occasion however and soon discovered the combination of a Maconochie can and became so adept at opening them that it became a habit. This concoction consisted of beans, pieces of meat with the fat thereof, potatoes and other vegetables while the lucky ones occasionally drew a monkey wrench or entrenching tool. But the cooks learned to prepare it and the men learned to swallow it even topping it off with a Wild Woodbine. Large quantities of these were issued and the beverage was tea.

The first few days the men were conditioned by physical drills for even up to this time we had not received machine guns. The drills were not strenuous or unduly prolonged and the men had a great deal of leisure time. It did not take long before they were able to direct the weary traveler to the several towns in the vicinity, the location of the various billets or to Rousseau's

Searchlight Looking for "Jerry" near Rue

bicycle shop where A Company's orderly room was situated, where 1st Sergeant Ward and Corporal J. O. Collyer held forth.

There is no doubt that the presence of our battalion in this small town was a financial Godsend to the community. American soldiers, as is well known, never can — or will — appreciate the value of money and while it lasted they spent freely. Many a wine merchant in Rue was able to dispose of his accumulated stock at pre-

vailing rates which were slightly higher for soldiers than for civilians.

In spite of the fact that the enemy was at this time pushing down the valley of the Somme and in the north in the direction of the Channel ports, nevertheless the men of the company led a carefree life. Except for the presence of French and English soldiers and the nightly air raids in the distance, we could easily have imagined that the town of Rue was continuing its peaceful everyday affairs quite outside the pale of war. Of course, we had yet to become acquainted with the cross of nearly every family in Rue which had some member or relative killed or permanently injured.

Like every other French town we visited, Rue was no exception to the rule of holding a weekly market-day which in this case was on Saturday. Early in the morning there would come streaming into town from all directions the two-wheeled carts filled with farm products. They were either small loads drawn by large powerful horses or large loads drawn by diminutive donkeys hurried along by old women with wooden shoes and wooden cane. Straight from the fields would come droves of sheep scurrying over the cobblestones, fleeing from the cries of a small boy always garbed in a black apron-like frock, a horn swung over his shoulder, switch in hand, with a blue soldier's cap on his head and wooden shoes. The shepherd boy's dog was always there, whose province it was to keep the sheep on the straight road to the market place. All this conglomeration of traffic terminated in the square back of the old stone church which had been remodeled into the Hotel de Ville. Here the animals were tied up to the iron rail which partly enclosed the square while the carts were transformed into little booths which by nine o'clock displayed in great array everything from cut-flowers and oranges to muslins and hardware. Then there was the town crier who drew the attention of the crowd by beating a drum and announced the news of the week and the decrees of the town major.

All of this was interesting to us and it was difficult to imagine that we had come to France as machine gunners and not as pleasure seekers. The men were anxious to be instructed in the manipulation of the guns and to get up in the "Line." This anxiety of ours was due more to the spirit of curiosity than of pugnaciousness. We wanted to see for ourselves what it was like and to take part in the great spectacle of the ages. There is no doubt that the romance, the bigness of it all had its share in appealing to us as well as patriotism and ideals.

We had been in town but a few days when Captain Roberts was ordered to a machine gun school at St. Valery, a town on the other side of the Somme. Soon after his departure about ten non-commissioned officers, together with Lieutenants Beamish and McDonnell were sent to an English machine gun school at Champ-Neuf, not far from the town of La Crotoy. It was during their absence, to be exact, on the fourth of June, five days after our arrival at Rue, that the company was issued gas masks. Of course, we had received instruction in Spartanburg in the use and care of the mask and it was not strictly speaking an innovation in our life but here was

This Street in Rue Should be Familiar to Most of Us

FIRST LIEUTENANT EDGAR T. BEAMISH

brought home to us the fact that it was an essential part of our equipment, more necessary even than the cook. The company had the masks tested at the nearby town of Hautebat.

Two days later we received six Vickers guns, chambered for English ammunition and not many days afterwards English limbers and mules arrived. We were now brigaded with the Sixty-sixth (English) Division and our instruction was conducted under English supervision. An English lance-corporal taught us English physical games and further instruction in the adjustment of gas masks in "Nothing flat." A little English sergeant lectured to us on the use of English hand grenades while other English N. C. O.'s gave valuable instruction on the art of war in general, specializing in the use of the bayonet.

While Captain Roberts was at St. Valery and Lieutenants Beamish and McDonnell at Champ-Neuf, Lieutenant Wellington, popularly known as the Duke, was in command of the company. With his usual enthusiasm and energy he took it upon himself to impart to the men whatever knowledge he had gained of the machine gun and its tactical handling. When Captain Roberts and the other officers and non-commissioned officers returned from school, expecting to impart to the company the little knowledge they had

FIRST LIEUTENANT ROGER H. WELLINGTON

gleaned from the English instructors, they were astounded to find that not only were the men not beginners but in most cases were possessed of a good working knowledge of the machine gun game. To Lieutenant Wellington must be given credit for his untiring efforts in bringing the company to the high state of efficiency which it had at that time.

In addition to the machine gun work, Lieutenant Wellington occasionally took the men on "practice hikes" to La Crotoy for a swim in the Channel at the mouth of the Somme. Opportunity was given the men to have dinner at the Hotel de la Marine, a modern hotel and the rendezvous before the war for tourists and French civilians during the summer months. It was in this small town that Jules Verne resided immediately after our own Civil War and it was here also that a beautiful statue of Jeanne d'Arc—not of the triumphant peasant girl astride the white horse—but as a deserted martyr in chains, stands in the principal square.

We remained at Rue about three weeks and although a lot of hard work was done, there were also a great many pleasant hours. The game of "cat" which had been introduced by us in Brest was a favorite mode of exercise after evening mess. Much had been accomplished.

LIEUTENANT MYLES McDONNELL

The men had become familiar with the gun, they had become proficient in adjusting the gas mask, steel helmets had been issued and cooties had been discovered. A review was held in the fields near Champ-Neuf and we were inspected by Sir Douglas Haig. Then orders were received and we were again on the march, our packs made heavier by the addition of the helmet and gas mask.

We plodded along past La Crotoy, crossed the Somme and continued up through St. Valery. It was literally *up* through St. Valery for as we reminisce we shall never forget the hill on the way out. It was extremely warm and the column was stalled on the hill which gave us a chance to wet our lips from the canteens and catch our breath. We had vivid hopes that we were to settle down in the rest camp just outside the town but on we passed and continued to the town of Salle-nell. Here surely we would be billeted but this small town was occupied by the 105th Machine Gun Battalion so we continued on about four miles further to a town called Watie-Hurt.

Watie-Hurt consisted of possibly fifty old houses with thatched roofs, strung along the road, a maire or town-hall, a cafe-epicere and another cafe without the epicere. Company A was billeted in barns and stables grouped around

LIEUTENANT FRANCIS B. GRANT

a courtyard so-called, but really a barnyard, and the transport was located about a quarter of a mile further on. Watie-Hurt is famous in the minds of the sergeants for it was here the sergeant's mess was first instituted. This establishment caused rejoicing among the privates who were no longer to be annoyed, at least at meal-times, by the presence of the ever-present sergeant looking for details.

It was really at Watie-Hurt that the organization of the transport, that adjunct so essential to a machine gun battalion, had its inception. True, the motive power was to be provided by mules, but a great many of the men still had a longing for the cavalry and the service with the transport consoled them somewhat. It requires a great deal of patience, courage and profanity to take care of mules and in every respect the members of Company A's transport were past masters. The transport was made up mostly of volunteers and the men were selected on account of their knowledge of animals. At first the transport was a battalion organization under a first lieutenant who had full charge of all the company sections. Each company section was under its own stable sergeant and Guy Sager Pflum looked after our interests. He was ably supported by the then Acting First Class Private

LIEUTENANT EARL G. HAWKINS

Albert Kyritz, Jr., later Pflum's successor together with Johnnie Reilly and James Vincenzo Toscano, the always present, particularly when Reilly is mentioned.

While the transport was being organized the rest of the company followed the daily routine. There was one advantage in the arrangement of billets in Watie-Hurt over those in Rue in that the entire company, except the transport, was billetted in one area. Of course, some were obliged to climb a ladder to the loft at night, others slept in the stable and still others preferred to pitch pup tents between the rows of poplars in the pasture. The barnyard was common to all and it was here the men would congregate around the "pond-of-ooze," which at times the pigs would take over for their pleasure and agitate the green fog which seemed to hang over it. The muddy-bottomed creeks, full of weeds, which ran under the stone road-bridge and through the orchard served us as an open air bath and it was on the banks of this flowing stream that we were first to experience the thrills of romance in searching for the elusive cootie.

On the nineteenth of June, the day after our arrival in Watie-Hurt began our real intensive training on the machine gun. It commenced with early reveille and early breakfast followed by

a three-mile hike to the range. There we learned the parts of the Vickers .303 Machine Gun, studied its mechanism and operation and fired into a sandbank. Our English issue rolling kitchens brought us noon mess in order that no time would be lost and the whole day devoted entirely to the gun. It was both novel and interesting and would have been remembered as a happy interlude in our training if it had not been for that back-breaking hike of three miles.

With the return of the Non-Coms from the English school at Champ-Neuf came Corporal Harry Taylor (pronounced by himself in Cockney English as Tyler), a member of the Machine Gun Corps of the English Army. He was a typical little English corporal, about forty-two years of age, a tailor by occupation in Surrey, England. He had thoroughly applied himself to and had mastered the mechanism of the gun and had seen quite some service at Ypres in the early days of the war. His method of instruction was that of insisting upon the men learning verbatim, by continuous repetition, all that he himself knew of the gun. He knew everything that was between the covers of the Vickers' Handbook and he would continuously cite his authority when any discussion arose as to the exact phraseology needed to describe some particular operation of the gun. Although the men would jibe at him at times for his Cockney accent, nevertheless they responded readily to all that he had to teach.

Competition was organized among the several squads in the Tests of Elementary Training, abbreviated as the English always do, into T. O. E. T., which comprised Mount and Dismount Gun, Mount and Dismount Tripod, Sight Setting and Laying on a given target, Load and Unload, Action and Out of Action. It was upon the range at Watie-Hurt that the Tarzan Twins, Hines and young Joyce excelled by establishing a record in mounting gun with the steam plug out, and tripod legs reading 20 20, in eleven seconds. The men became proficient in the nomenclature of the gun and in many instances were able to select the various parts with their eyes shut, distinguishing such small details as the split keeper pin from the axis bush. Our whole interest seemed to center about that gun and its employment and even at the end of a day's work after a cold bath in the creek, a small group would be found spending the evening around the gun trying to decide for one another, at which position of the crank handle the fusee spring had its greatest extension and why it was that the tail of the crank handle was peculiar. Then later in the evening when it became too dark to see, there would be a gathering under the trees at the head of the lane leading back to the fields and it was here "That Quartet" held forth — Dingwall, Johnson, Mahoney and Bright. They had a repertoire that would have made Caruso jealous, their harmony was good and many an idle hour in the cool of the evening was spent listening to them.

True to Army tradition little or no work was done on Sundays and complete relaxation was afforded the men. Passes over the week-end were issued to St. Valery and Cayeux-sur-Mer. Cayeux-sur-Mer before the war had been a popular resort on the English Channel. It had an excellent beach, several fine hotels, an elaborate casino, and many quaint stone-front chatelets or sea-side homes. At the time of our visit the casino and the large hotels had for the most part been given over to be used as hospitals.

Lieutenant Wellington and Sergeants Joyce and Everson were ordered to an English machine gun school at Cecile-Plage, Camiers and left the company on June 22nd. A few days afterwards Captain Roberts and First Sergeant Ward returned from their reconnaissance of the front line trenches near Albert and on June 30th Lieutenant Beamish and Sergeant Kuhn left the company to attend an American machine gun school at Langres, on the other side of Paris. The meaning of "the other side of Paris" is all that the phrase implies. Fortunately the railroads in France are so constructed that their several routes necessitate changing cars at Paris

in order to get from any given place to any other given destination.

On the third of July the men were stamped efficient machine gunners and received orders to pack up and prepare to entrain. The French civilians always seemed to have advance information as to where the American *soldats* were to go. Some said Ypres, others Arras. Some of the men who had friends at headquarters who always had inside information said Alsace-Lorraine but the rank and file of the company said nothing, being content merely to seize upon and believe in any rumor while patiently awaiting orders. We hiked to Novelles which was only a few hours march but the glaring sun succeeded so well in making the heavy equipment so uncomfortable that the sight of the side door Pullmans with the now famous inscription *Hommes 10 Chevaux 8* was a welcome one. There was a hurried meal at a British rest camp in the town, a quick loading of the transport on flat cars, a rush and tumble as thirty-five men sardined themselves into each of the box cars and we were off. No one knew where and no one cared particularly so long as we reached "that front," every man's obsession for the past year of training. It cannot be said that traveling through northern France at this time was a sightseeing tour especially when darkness came and the men would attempt to stretch themselves on the crowded floor but as on all similar occasions, before and after, the situation was taken goodhumoredly and the best made of the cramped conditions. Songs and stories helped the long night along and with continuous changing of bunks nearly everyone was able to get in a few winks of sleep. We finally reached the outskirts of the city of St. Omer where we detrained about 5.30 on the morning of July 4th.

As we celebrated Decoration Day by our march into Rue so we celebrated the "Glorious Fourth" by a hike. While waiting for the debarkation of the transport we had an opportunity to look about the village. There was ample evidence of the activity of the hostile aviators together with a few significant samples of what a long range gun can actually do. Here and there a roof smashed in, the walls of a house taken off on one side showing the undisturbed interiors, upstairs and down, demonstrated that bombs and artillery fire could equal the vagaries of lightning. A half-hour after our arrival, without waiting for breakfast, the column was formed and the march began with everyone as usual ignorant of the destination. We marched on and on and on through Arques, past several other villages and fine looking farms straight on to the big woods beyond St. Omer. Eight miles and eleven o'clock were left far astern before the command "Halt!" came down the column. Here a good meal was quickly cooked and everyone soon forgot his troubles in the fumes of the savoury, though at other times unwelcome, slumgullion. All that afternoon we could hear the roar of the heavy cannonading in the lines, miles distant, bringing home to us the fact that here was an altogether different manner of celebrating a safe and sane Fourth of July. The next morning, the last instructions were given the company in packing the limbers according to the newly prescribed regulation and everything was put in preparedness for a sudden move to the line. In the afternoon ammunition was broken out and the machine gun belts filled which put the last touch to the warlike feeling that had taken possession of us.

The wooded hills on which we were encamped formed part of a powerful new reserve line constructed by white and Chinese labor battalions of the British together with the assistance of French civilians and German prisoners. On the march to the front, nine of these great reserve systems were counted and doubtless there were others in the direction of the coast, all the result of the disastrous experience of the English in the March offensive of 1917 at which time, it will be remembered, the British had no reserve worthy of the name to which they could have retired but were forced to make their last stand in badly prepared positions. Had the Germans

then known the real condition of the British, they could have been easily ousted and pushed with little effort into the sea. These new defenses were as nearly impregnable as modern military science could make them.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon that an order came down directing the battalion to move forward within an hour. Tents were struck, packs rolled, the transport and kitchen were harnessed and loaded and the entire outfit was ready to take the road forty minutes after the receipt of the order. At five o'clock the march began and continued until eleven at night where in a field, said to be near the village of Wormhoudt, pup tents were pitched in total darkness. The hike was not resumed until well into the afternoon of the following day, Saturday. This time a fine camp-site was selected before dark and a creek was discovered nearby. Little time was lost before the men had divested themselves of their perspiration soaked garments and were splashing in its shallow waters. Up at daybreak next morning and away on the last lap of the march which took us to the reserve positions that were to be occupied during the first warlike effort of the unit. The roads in the vicinity were all heavily camouflaged as hostile observers were stationed on the famous Kemmel Hill and in Jerry's high-flung observation balloons.

Then came Steenvoorde. Scarcely a building in its business section had escaped. Evidence of heavy shell-fire could be seen everywhere but like many other shelled towns and villages with which Company A came in contact during the succeeding months quite a number of civilians, mostly women and children, still lived in the town. Despite the continous bombardment of the place these French people stayed in their homes, tended small shops and eating places patronized by the "soldats" and worked in the nearby fields. They would take to their cellars when the fire came close, out again and to work unconcernedly when it had ceased. These people had clung to their hearths in spite of all the discomfort and desolation that war had brought upon them.

We continued about a mile beyond Steenvoorde and into the great Wood of Beauvoorde. Prior to our occupancy the French and British artillery and cavalry had sought shelter there and had left behind them a policing job that made the labors of Hercules in the Augean stables seem like a "cushy detail in blighty" in comparison. Straight across the road from the company's camp stood an occupied farmhouse and Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford-Morley with the aid of his good Man-Friday-Russo immediately entered into negotiations with the Madame so that not long thereafter the sergeants had established themselves and arranged for a Sergeant's Mess. Conditions did not allow of an orderly arrangement of pup tents so Captain Roberts ordered the men to locate individually and to pitch the tents so that observation by hostile planes would be frustrated. Although the men had been cautioned to dig in and barricade the tents against the possibility of shell fragments disturbing their sleep, they were unconvinced of the danger or too tired to concern themselves about it. Steve Brodie took a chance and so did we. It was about ten or eleven o'clock when out of the muffled rumble came two reports, then a buzzing sound like a far distant train approaching, always a little louder and a little closer. Now like a near-coming express train. Everyone sat up. A whiz, a whirr and a roar; the thing had passed; then, *bang!* Then another one. Right over! Beyond! *Bang!* Other shells came and the company was getting its first experience of shellfire. They appeared to be right on us but in reality they were dropping in Steenvoorde nearly a mile behind us. The town was getting its nightly strafe. The flashes lighted the entire landscape, the explosions seemed to shake the earth, then in a few minutes it was over. Of course, we christened the episode and the repeated shelling of Steenvoorde was referred to as the "Mary Steenvoorde Express."

The men were cautioned to remain in the shelter of the trees inasmuch as enemy aeroplanes in large numbers continuously infested the clouds and it was not deemed advisable to allow any considerable number of men to show up on the German photographic plates. The men were astonished the following day to note the presence of several French Mademoiselles selling chocolate, for these venturesome maids besides their wares were equipped with gas masks which they carried as a matter of course.

A few days after our arrival in Beauvoorde Woods, Sergeants Perkins, Follit and Wadhams who had preceded us to France, rejoined the company. They had attended the machine gun school at Chatillon and upon the completion of their course received orders to rejoin the company. From all sides they were met with inquiries concerning the whereabouts of Lieutenant "Fannie" Grant who had left Spartanburg with them. We then learned the sad news that the ever fastidious "Fannie" had met with a severe accident, having been struck by an English aeroplane at Paris Plage. They told us, however, that he was doing finely and would meet the company later.

We remained in Beauvoorde Woods for a few days and then hiked a long eighteen miles, finally seeking billets for the night at a place which will long remain in our memories — Nieurelet, near St. Omer. This was on the fifteenth of July, the anniversary of our call to the colors and on that night, a day's march from the Line, came the first casualties of the battalion. A fleet of German aeroplanes had attacked St. Omer and at least one had headed for Nieurelet. Almost before the batteries had begun to speak bombs were dropping on the town, the last of seven squarely hitting the billet of D Company, killing one man, wounding twenty-five and narrowly missing the entire battalion transport which was assembled alongside that particular building. The other bombs killed a woman and two children besides severely wounding a number of civilians. The accompanying poem, written by Corporal York of B Company crystallizes the impression the incident made upon us:

NIEURELET

I've seen my share of action
And it has its own attraction
And I've hiked the roads of France, both night and day;
But to me the meanest feeling,
Oh it set my heart a-reeling,
Was when Jerry dropped his bombs on Nieurelet.

Now the Line is often thrilling
With its shelling and its killing
And the gruesome sights one often has to see;
But when you're in a billet sleeping
And through the sky he comes a-creeping,
Believe me, Bud, that's not the place for me.

The "archies" started bumping
And the bombs commenced a "crumping"
All we could do was lie there on the floor;
We could hear his engine humming
And we thought our time was coming.
General Sherman had the dope describing war.

Now they say the war is finished
But my wish is undiminished
I want to meet that Hun some future day,
For his bombing raid succeeded
And he "got" some boys we needed
That moonlit summer's night at Nieurelet.

The following day a ten mile march brought the battalion to Quelmes. This march will remain in our memory because of a mile and a half walk which we had to take over a swamp, marching in single file on buckboards, the most tiresome method of covering distance in the world. The transport was forced to hike double the distance because of the detour they were compelled to make. It was at Quelmes that Lieutenant Whitt, who had been detailed to us at Rue, received his orders to report to another part of the Line. He was a favorite with us and was an enthusiastic and indefatigable worker. He took with him the respect and admiration of the entire company, not only for his hard work but also for his uniform kindness and courtesy to the men he commanded. The battalion remained at Quelmes until the twenty-third of July practising with the machine guns on the range every day except Sundays. They were reaching a high

degree of proficiency and the effect of the previous practice and drilling at Watie-Hurt and Rue was plainly visible. On the twenty-third of July we started back towards Beauvoorde Woods. We made camp at Lederzeele and the following day a hike of fifteen miles brought us to the Woods.

The East Poperinghe Support Line had been established only since the cessation of the German offensive in March, and but little work of value had been accomplished to lend to it the strength which was considered necessary to enable the Allied troops to hold the boche in check should he again become menacing. Mount Kemmel, the keystone of military strategy in that section, was then in possession of the Germans, the French troops who had retired from that front having lost it a few weeks previously. It is several hundred feet high and, as before remarked, afforded the German observers such excellent information that practically no work or improvement could be carried on in the daytime for miles around. It was absolutely necessary, however, that the position be strengthened and the work of establishing a strong line of support was detailed to the new American troops. This support line lay some three or four thousand yards from the German positions, our own frail front line opposing a most unsatisfactory obstacle to attack.

On the night of July 24th the battalion received orders to garrison this support line. Part of each company was to stay in reserve for a day or so and the men to go were picked indiscriminately in all ranks. Captain Roberts and Lieutenant McDonnell went with this party and within half an hour the troops were marching up the old East Poperinghe Line road, through Abeele and on to Remy. No shells fell very close during the march although the roads over to our left were getting a good share of the strafing. The column moved in platoon formation with intervals of fifty yards and company headquarters was established in a house some hundred yards below the road at Remy while the gun positions were soon established and manned by gun teams of three men each.

The situation at Mount Kemmel, or as that particular stretch of front was more commonly called, the Kemmel Sector, differed in numberless ways from the situation on other fronts. Here the armies of Prince Ruprecht had faced the French and British only since the Spring drive of the preceding March and at one time it seemed that the Prince could not be stopped short of the coast in the desperate Teutonic rush for the ports of Calais and Dunquerque. The Americans were greatly astonished upon their arrival to find the landscape, even up to the foremost positions, so beautiful. To be sure the adjacent villages were little more than masses of ruins but farmhouses, although practically all had been hit by shells, were still standing, together with the hedges and wonderfully regular rows of trees that make the northern parts of France and Belgium so picturesque. It seemed incredible that grim war should hold forth in these beautiful surroundings, seemingly so eloquent of peace and tranquillity. It was not until a sheet of flame, accompanied by the crack of doom, burst from an innocent looking park near Company Headquarters, a hidden ammunition dump shot skywards and gas set its nearly invisible and ghastly hand over that fair scene, could we realize that we were about to take a real part in the conflict.

We could see battle-scarred Kemmel on whose crest not long before France's bravest had refused to retreat and had died trying in vain to stem the gray onslaught. This hill had been the crucial point on which had turned the German and Allied fortunes and during these last hot July days it again seemed destined to look upon the crash of mighty forces for the Germans were then giving every indication of preparation for another tremendous effort to take the Channel ports. The long jagged Allied line that stretched southward from Belgium, the last obstacle to Hun possession of the key to success, poorly constructed and manned, an altogether insuffi-

cient barrier to the narrow coastal strip, the loss of which spelled disaster to the Allied arms, was about to be overwhelmed by countless numbers. The British soldiers were naturally pessimistic regarding the situation. They had lost much spirit, due to their defeat of the previous Spring and were impressed by the seemingly irresistible power and resource of the boche and appalled by the depletion of their ranks. They had every reason to believe that disaster was at hand. The coming of the Twenty-seventh Division brought to the Line not only men but a boost to the morale of the British Army which at that time was at a low ebb.

Company A dug in and strengthened the positions to which it had been assigned and the meaning of the camouflaged surroundings gradually became clearer. It devolved upon the company to make our section of the East Poperinghe Line more easily tenable. Many shells came over and a number of the men had exceedingly narrow escapes.

We remained in these positions three days and nights and returned to Beauvoorde Woods about 5.00 p. m., on July 27th. Here we rested for two days and had an opportunity to get a hot bath in Steenvoorde after which we returned to the same positions in the East Poperinghe Line. On the 31st of July we took up positions for the first time in the front line trenches, going in about 11.30 p. m. on the left of Mount Kemmel in what is known as surprise positions where some of the gun crews were but 200 yards from the German front line. It was here we received the famous Standing Orders for Machine Gunners from Major General O'Ryan:

1. This position will be held and the section will remain here until relieved.
2. The enemy cannot be allowed to interfere with this program.
3. If the gun team cannot remain here alive, it will remain here dead; in any case it will remain here.
4. Should any man through shell-shock — or other cause — attempt to surrender he will remain here — dead.
5. Should the gun be put out of action the gun team will use rifles, revolvers, Mills grenades and other novelties.
6. Finally, the position, as stated, will be held. "Stand to" only on S.O.S.

While we were in these positions each gun crew was more or less "on its own" which necessitated the men carrying ammunition, going for rations and individually preparing their own meals. Each position presented its own difficulties and dangers but with it all the man were in a happy frame of mind. Although the shelling was well-nigh continuous the men would crouch, duck and scatter as the "big stuff" came over and then either through nervousness, feebleminedness or nonchalance would actually laugh and joke about the narrow escapes. They were more or less in the frame of mind where being struck by a small bit of shrapnel or a machine gun bullet was considered fortunate for it really

seemed as though it were only a question of time when each of us would get a "blighty" and then the chief consideration was whether it would be a severe or a slight wound.

On August 3rd Oliver Smith, formerly of old H troop in Rochester, was struck in the leg, arm and chest by shrapnel. "Arky" Arlidge, "Ted" Durkee and "Cy" Joyce immediately rendered first aid to Ollie and carried him down to a clearing station. Smith took his injury philosophically especially when it is remembered that he was the first victim in our company. Although the men commiserated with him for his injuries and pain, nevertheless the feeling prevailed to some extent that Smith was fortunate in getting a "Blighty." The men became more cautious but the ever-present Yankee curiosity was not perceptibly diminished. Early in the morning of Tuesday, August 6th, we were relieved by the machine gun company of the 107th Infantry and making our way back to Beauvoorde Woods we pitched camp.

The following day we remained in camp resting after our trying experience and on Thursday, August 8th, we hiked to a field outside of Ouderzeele where we lived in pup tents for over two weeks. Close order drill, machine gun drill, physical exercise and instruction on the machine gun constituted our daily routine. Divisional baths were established in the town of Ouderzeele and were liberally taken advantage of by the men. The Divisional Theatrical Unit put on vaudeville shows under the name of the "Broadway Boys." Our company staged a show of its own the outstanding features of which were the rendition of popular airs and medleys by the quartette and a monologue by a Y.M.C.A. entertainer. Sergeant Wadhams received orders to return to the machine gun school at Chatillon as a Non-com. Instructor.

On August 21st orders were received for a detail to proceed to Poperinghe again to locate gun positions and guard ammunition dumps. Company A's headquarters was established and a machine gun dump was located near what was known as Balla Cottage. The guard consisted of Don MacChesney, George Day (who was later transferred to the Chemical Warfare Service) and Arthur Struck. The shelling had been uniformly severe and while Struck was standing his guard he was hit by a piece of shell casing or shrapnel and instantly killed. All possible aid was rendered him and his body was carried to the Field Hospital of the British Army. The following noon he was buried with full military honors at Lysjenthoeck Cemetery, Remy Siding, Belgium. The loss was a severe blow to the men of the company by whom Struck was universally liked for his cheery disposition, willingness and readiness. The detail was relieved and met the company at Beauvoorde Woods to which it had proceeded the previous day. Here the company remained until September 1st, furnishing details of gun crews for three days to the "Pop" Line positions, when we moved on to Winnizeele. We remained at Winnizeele until September 4th when we hiked to Hybeck and entrained about four o'clock in the afternoon. We passed through Dunquerque, Boulogne, Calais and Rue and about 3.00 a. m. on the fifth detrained at Candas. From here we hiked through Beauquesne to the small village of Raincheval in the Somme district. We pitched camp about three o'clock in the afternoon in pup tents in a small field. It rained continuously until the following Wednesday when through the efforts of Major Bryant we moved our camp to large Nissen Bow huts constructed of corrugated galvanized iron and commonly known as "elephant hunts," situated in what was known as Victory Woods. The Tommies had established this camp and left it in excellent condition, in great contrast to the camp which we took over in Beauvoorde Woods.

The Sergeants will ever recall the happy days (and nights) spent in this small town. A mess was established by them in the home of Madame Duhamel who at that time was held prisoner by the Germans, having been captured in August, 1914, at Douai. Her two daughters, Madem-

oiselles Georgette and Therese were making their home with their grandmother and grandfather in total ignorance of the whereabouts of their mother and mourning her as dead. They extended the hospitality of their home to the Sergeants, cooked meals at all hours, mended clothes and, on occasion, filled in as dinner partners. On the occasion of the departure from the company of Santos Russo, the Sergeants, always on the lookout for an excuse to "celebrate," tendered him a farewell dinner the memory of which will endure for a long time.

Therese and Her Mamma

Manoeuvres were held near Beauquesne through Puichvillers, Talmas, Naours, Havernas to Canaples. These were held under the supervision of Division and Corps Commanders and were in preparation for the imminent campaign to take on the Hindenburg offenses.

On Sunday, September 22nd, the Company began preparations for the move which was to end by giving us our greatest test of the war. All the day before, with the spirit of impending movement in the air we had been busy cleaning, inspecting and putting in order our full equipment, and on Tuesday morning at about four-thirty the battalion was silently formed in the moonlit road outside our quarters and bidding farewell to Raincheval we set out for the trains awaiting us a little way outside of Doullens. It was shortly before noon when the last man entrained and as usual we found ourselves traveling "a la box car." The greater part of a short trip was made in daylight and it undoubtedly proved to be the most interesting trip the company made in France. Early in the afternoon we got our first glimpse of Amiens with the spires of its noted cathedral in the distance and though the train moved through without a stop we glimpsed eagerly the big deserted city of France which for four years had been one of the main pivots of attack and defense. The July drive of the English had finally released the city from menace and it was even then once more springing to life, nevertheless we had an excellent opportunity to see the wanton destruction of the German long range guns and air raiders in the battered condition of the big station, the desolate appearance of the streets and the numberless buildings wholly or partially destroyed by shell fire. As we left Amiens it was highly interesting to observe the various rings of defense which had been constructed to protect this important gateway to the heart of France. The city was protected to some extent by long stretches of water and marshland, almost impassable barriers and in the open stretches of country by hundreds of deep well-constructed trenches which paralleled, zig-zagged and criss-crossed in every direction. All of this country from a few miles outside of Amiens through Peronne and on to Tincourt where we detrained had but recently been won back by the British in their July offensive. It was to continue this work that the Twenty-seventh Division, still fighting as part of the Fourth British Army, was now being hurried

forward. At Kemmel we had seen only one side of the battlefield; here, we had our first view of a series of battlefields which had many times been the scene of desperate advance and more desperate, stubborn resistance and retreat.

The territory we now passed through was a desolate stretch. The land was practically void of any kind of vegetation and entirely lacking in signs of cultivation. Here and there we would see deserted trenches with their flanking rows of barbed wire, now on one side, now on the other, its position signifying by which army the trench had been used. It needed but a slight bit of imagination to picture to ourselves most vividly the struggles which had so recently been enacted for the sinews of war were everywhere visible. In a few places where the advance of the British had been too swift and sure for a stubborn resistance the country looked more normal but in the main the country was literally pitted with shell holes and though it was still early fall the trees had been swept entirely clean of branches and leaves by rifle and machine gun fire, or, as in many places, uprooted or cut through by the direct hits of heavy shells.

The railroad over which we were traveling had but recently been rebuilt by the unceasing work, day and night, of the British and Canadian engineers and the roadbed continually showed that it had been a main target for Hun shells. The telegraph and telephone wires were almost entirely down and it was a common sight to encounter poles either cut clean through by shells or so badly shattered that the weight of the wires had forced them down. The wires still in use were laid, as is usual in forward areas, loosely along the ground with plenty of slack so that they might be easily repaired. On all sides were the remains of field pieces, abandoned tanks, bent and twisted aeroplanes, innumerable small bits of ordnance and equipment, lying where they had been hastily flung by men in the terror of retreat or the lust of pursuit.

It was dark when we detrained at Tincourt, the railhead at that time, and in a few minutes we were hiking up the road towards what was to be our camp. Our course almost paralleled the battleline and we could hear quite plainly the distant, intermittent rumble of the big guns while the horizon was often lighted by the flare of signal rockets and Very lights. We passed through a mere shell of a town, and after a brisk walk of four miles reached our camping place just on the edge of a thick pine wood. On this march we received the historic order, "Get out your cups!" At the commencement of the hike the word was passed that we would proceed only a hundred yards or so when we would halt and have a cup of hot coffee to stay us on the road. About fifteen minutes out the word came down the column to get out cups and each man tugged and swore at his "left flank rear" in the effort to disengage his cup from canteen cover. Heads went up, hearts and step lightened at the prospect but sad to relate we carried those empty cups for an hour and a half and then,

ALL THAT IS LEFT OF PERONNE

stealthily, sheepishly, by twos and threes returned them unfilled to their places.

When we reached the woods we were met by the billeting party which had preceded us. We also found that the transport and kitchen had arrived and that "Mac" had awaiting us the hot coffee for which we had so vainly sought. The billeting question was not solved in a particularly satisfactory manner. There were a few elephant huts in the woods but A Company's allotment was sufficient to house only a part of the first and second platoons. The rest of the company, after being cautioned against entering German dugouts (for fear of mines) were turned loose to shift as best they might. Relying on what promised to be a fine clear night, most of us contented ourselves with making sleeping bags out of our blankets and shelter halves and stretched out on the grass. French weather signs proved deceptive, however, and early in the morning we had a rather damp awakening. However, when it rains, the great rule in the Army is to let it rain and at nine o'clock we were up and about the day's work which consisted in providing shelter for ourselves as our stay in that area, so far as we could find out, promised to be an indefinite one.

During the day we roamed about, cautiously prying into Jerry dugouts and looking over parts of his equipment which was lying about. We had had instilled into us a wholesome respect for his ability to make the places he had vacated, undesirable for his successors and we got additional evidence of it here.

At daybreak, on September 26th, Lieutenant Beamish who was in command of the company in the absence of Captain Roberts, with Sergeant Ray and Private Thurber as runner, set out to reconnoiter the territory and select the gun positions which we were to occupy that night. Lieutenant Wellington was left in command and we spent the morning loading belts, filling the guns with water and packing everything in tip-top shape on the limbers. During the morning we were joined by Sergeant Leslie M. Sharper of the 12th Australian Machine Gun Company who was attached to give us the benefit of his long experience at the front. He was an excellent fellow and was welcomed heartily and we acknowledge gratefully the many things he did for us all during the next few days.

Packs were rolled and deposited in a general dump which we had established in the billeting area and it was a happy, laughing company that snapped to attention at Lieutenant Wellington's command that afternoon. We were off to meet the boche and give him such a deluge of machine gun bullets as he had never known before. So with a song upon our lips and the confidence to do or die in our hearts we moved out shortly before three o'clock.

Our route led us past Templeux-la-Fosse and on through numerous small villages, all more or less destroyed by shell fire. In many instances a sign-post and a heap of brick and debris was all that remained to mark them. Long lines of lorries and horse transports continually passed us hurrying forward their various cargoes of supplies and returning for fresh loads; giant caterpillar tractors dragged on the big guns which were soon to hurl their messages of defiance and death Jerryward and long winding columns of light artillery helped to choke the populous highway.

We passed through Villers-Faucons and just as we left this latter place we were treated to one of the most thrilling and spectacular sights that we witnessed during the war. As is usual on a clear day, the British had run up a string of observation balloons about four miles back of the front line. Two of these were almost directly over our column and as we watched them, suddenly, out of the light clouds shifting about above them darted two Jerry aeroplanes. Each plane selected a balloon and made straight for it. There was a quick put-put-put- as the pilots let go a string of incendiary bullets and then they were away in a terrific dash for their own lines. As the boche pilots fired two figures somersaulted out of each balloon and drifted down in para-

chutes while in the next second both balloons were a mass of flames. The daring Huns encountered a fleet of Allied planes on their return trip and we shortly afterwards saw one of them brought down.

Towards dusk we halted and ate our meal along the roadside just under cover of a slight hill. We were now quite close to the line and when we fell in after mess were ordered to change from overseas cap to helmet and to wear our gas masks at the alert position. We continued on and just as darkness set in reached Templeux Cross, a crossroad about a half mile from the town of Ronssoy. Here the guides who were to take us into the line awaited us. The limbers were unloaded as the plan was to manhandle the equipment from this point to our positions.

The reconnaissance of the positions had been made only that morning and the company ordered forward so hurriedly that there was no time to give even the platoon sergeants complete data as to where the guns were to be laid. Just ahead and to our left was an immense quarry along one side of which ran the road we must travel and in and around this quarry as well as on the road were many batteries of heavy guns. Jerry seemed to be well aware of these guns and subjected the area to heavy and intermittent shelling. We had just picked up guns and equipment and the column was being formed in the road when two high explosive shells came hurtling over and burst not twenty yards from us. We crouched in the side of the road and were covered with a shower of dirt and gravel, one or two of the men near the head of the column being knocked flat by the concussion. As quickly as possible the column formed and moved out, proceeding for about half a mile. It was then learned that considerable distance had yet to be covered to the positions and each man was inspected and his load reduced to the maximum weight it was thought he could handle. The surplus equipment was piled in a heap and the company moved on. Frank Blackhall, George Chase, Duve and Weaver were wounded while guarding this property and were forced to leave the company and later were sent to hospitals in England.

We shall not soon forget that hike down the Templeux Switch to the sunken road at the far end of which our positions were located at a point called Valley Post. Any one of us asked to estimate the length of that march would have said unhesitatingly and with assurance "About one hundred and eighty-five miles," but later reflection compels us to reduce this figure somewhat. We encountered mud, shell-holes, artillery and machine-gun fire and gas: singly and together, and all during this time we were burdened with impedimenta of various sorts. The guides, like all guides, set out at a good stiff pace and in fifteen minutes or so the column became pretty well strung out. Part of the second and third platoon after losing touch with the head of the column, took the wrong turn and proceeded down a trench which was enfiladed by German machine guns. A convenient dugout, then occupied by part of the 106th Infantry offered shelter during a twenty minute barrage which Jerry at that time felt constrained to put over.

After the barrage, they started again and finally did get into the positions. It was about midnight when the whole company reached Valley Post and much remained to be done before dawn. Gun positions had to be dug and weary though the men were they commenced the work almost immediately. The trench we were in was more of a sunken road, high in front and low in the rear and afforded a good measure of protection, lending itself well to the construction of gun emplacements. While the men were digging these, Company Headquarters was established in a dugout midway of the twelve gun positions and Lieutenant Beamish checked all the equipment and discovered that our supply of ammunition was insufficient to enable us to put down a successful barrage. A detail was immediately formed of all the men except a corporal and one

man from each squad who continued the work on the gun positions and this detail under the command of Sergeant Collins successfully carried through one of the hardest jobs we encountered during the whole war.

When we set forth we were already exhausted by the long afternoon's march and the difficulties we had met on the trip into the line. Our route lay through the trenches and over the sunken roads we had just traversed and these were soon so slippery from the rain that it was impossible to keep one's feet for more than a few steps at a time. In the pitch darkness we would go sprawling over low-lying strands of wire or sliding into unseen shell holes until we were soaked to the skin and covered with mud. About an hour of such traveling brought us to the ammunition dump and the prospect of going back through the same difficulties, this time burdened with belt boxes, was far from encouraging. It was just as we had reached the dump and had pulled up for a breathing spell that Jerry dropped a few heavies almost on top of us and everyone crashed pell-mell into the nearest dugout which happened to be an artillery shelter. About two-thirty, though the shelling still continued, we realized that we must return to the gun positions before daylight so we started off. Each man took three belt-boxes, weighing twenty-one pounds each, but our later experience proved that our hopes of getting through with this load were too sanguine. Just as we had gotten well started shells began dropping quite near and the alarm of gas was sounded. The "ammo" boxes flew in every direction and we all dropped flat as we dove into our masks. From then on our dodging shell holes or slipping into them were literally interspersed with gas alarms. Many of us were so weary that we almost had to crawl in places and a rise of a few feet appeared to be a mountain over which it was easier to crawl than to try to walk.

When about a quarter of a mile from our positions we entered the sunken road occupied by the 106th Infantry. The going here was tougher than it had been if such a thing were possible for the trenches were narrow and ankle deep in sticky, slippery mud. Once more Jerry bumped a few over and one shell exploding directly in front of the column killed two infantrymen who were standing near. One was killed instantly and the other was past our help. We summoned aid from their company and pushed hurriedly on; a desperately fatigued and mud-caked crowd who crawled or tumbled into the positions just as dawn was breaking.

During the absence of the ammunition party the rest of the company had been hard at work fixing up the gun positions although the work was hindered by the rain and intermittent boche shelling. Jerry was not altogether unsuccessful in his endeavor to strafe us for one shell exploded squarely in the trench and the flying fragments wounded Tim O'Connor, Andy Schmitz, and Eddy Comtoise and Van Deusen and Haussmann were gassed. These men were wounded so severely that they had to be taken to the rear on stretchers. Messinger and Sheldon with two other men whose names we are unable to recall deserve the highest commendation for their work as stretcher bearers.

The gun positions were completed and the guns laid in a nick of time and at 4:15 a. m. the battalion laid down a short barrage in conjunction with the artillery.

It might be well to pause here in our story and consider briefly the part which the company and battalion had to play with reference to the division, corps and army of which we were a part. A Company's position at Valley Post was on the extreme right of the line held by the Twenty-seventh Division. The Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth Divisions of the Second U.S. Army were acting as part of the Fourth British Army and on the night of the twenty-seventh of September were occupying adjacent positions, with a division front of about 3,500 yards. The Twenty-seventh occupied the corps' left in front of Bony and Le Catelet while the Thirtieth held the corps' right in front of Bellicourt, all strong-

holds of the Hindenburg Line and its subsidiary defenses. The Thirtieth Division's front-line positions on that night were approximately along the broken line which was to be the take-off for the big stunt on September 29th, while the forward positions of the Twenty-seventh Division were from 1500 to 2000 yards behind this line. It was to take part in the preliminary battle of "The Knoll," an attack by infantry supported by tanks, artillery and machine guns, when the 106th Infantry was to attempt to straighten out the corps' left, that the 106th Machine Gun Battalion had been brought up and it was to cover this infantry advance that the artillery and machine gun barrages were laid down. Jerry as usual answered this barrage with a counter-barrage which however was directed mainly at the attacking units and the artillery, our only casualty that night being the slight wound received by Sergeant Zimmer. A piece of shrapnel struck his hand and necessitated a trip to the dressing-station, but he returned in an hour's time and continued with the company.

The experience of Lieutenant Hawkins in bringing up the ammunition transport is worthy of chronicle. As the company left Villers-Fancons, Lieutenant Hawkins was detached on Battalion service and ordered to locate an Australian convoy of G. S. wagons and proceed with them to the Battalion Ammunition Dump. Shortly after dark he located the transport which had been delayed by the traffic congestion and brought them up to where they were to meet the guides who would direct them on their way. They reached the outskirts of Templeux where they were to pick up the guides but finding none, the lieutenant, having verbal information that the dump was to be established at a point called Orchard Post, decided to continue alone. Leaving Templeux he found that the road forked north and south and chose the south fork. This proved to be "bad medicine" for they had proceeded but a short distance when the Jerry barrage shifted to the road directly in front of them and in a few minutes had rendered it impassable. It was pitch dark and raining hard and as usual the road was choked with transport and artillery trains. To add to the general confusion the ammunition train of the 105th Machine Gun Battalion arrived on the scene completely ignorant of their location and in the narrow road it was almost impossible to keep the two convoys separate. The task of turning the train about in that narrow traffic-filled road was a hard one but it was finally accomplished and they retraced their steps to the north fork and in a short time reached Ronssoy where the train pulled up behind a wall where it remained for the next hour while Lieutenant Hawkins roamed through mud and rain and darkness under shellfire until he at last found Battalion Headquarters where he received the necessary information to enable him to bring the transport to Orchard Post, rejoining the company about four a. m.

The trench we occupied was found, in daylight, to be a sunken road which had been converted into part of the trench system. Several small dugouts, proof at least against shrapnel and shell splinters had been dug and there was one large dugout capable of housing at least a hundred men. This dugout was partially occupied by infantrymen of the Thirtieth Division and for the next two days we shared it with them. Like most of the larger dugouts it was furnished with chicken wire bunks and barring an occasional gas alarm was an excellent place to sleep.

At nine o'clock Friday morning a ration party went back to the kitchen over the route taken by the ammunition party, related above, and brought out our first hot meal. On the return trip they came through Hargicourt, a considerably shorter route which was thereafter utilized by all carrying parties. It was on this morning that the company suffered its hardest blow of the Hindenburg battle in the death of Bugler Harry C. Walsh and the severe wounding of Fred Zeitler. Walsh was one of the boys who had been with the company since its inception at Spartan-

burg and previous to that with the old Troop K and his cheery good nature and faithful work had made him a friend and comrade who has been genuinely missed by us all. Freddie Zeitler enlisted with old Troop H and had also joined Company A at Spartanburg and had been with us continuously. Although severely wounded he endeavored to render all possible aid to Walsh. We honor them both for the sacrifices they have made in the performance of their duty.

Late that afternoon, Lieutenant Hawkins who had been out all day in an endeavor to get our company ammunition train through Ronssoy which was being shelled almost continuously, stopped at the company kitchen for a cup of coffee and finding that they had a hot meal ready to serve offered to try to get the "eats" up to the positions along with the ammunition. The way led up through Hargicourt, a town well known to Jerry as an important center for the allied horse transport service and therefore continually a target for the heaviest sort of shelling. It proved to be a ticklish job getting through for Jerry had started his evening harassing fire, but cool, steady work on the part of Lieutenant Hawkins and the daring, skillful driving of Eklund and Schempf, who had already spent the greater part of the day in the saddle, brought the limbers to within about fifty yards of our gun positions. This proved to be the solution of one of our most trying problems for it was almost impossible to bring up a hot meal by hand. The following day, both morning and evening, Mess-Sergeant McAlester brought the front half of the rolling kitchen clear up to the gun position with steaming hot meals. "Mac" surely worked hard those days and to him as to Eklund and Schempf who drove on the various trips, together with the Gaellic kitchen force of Galvin, Powers, Hannigan and Sancken, goes all the credit for the fact that A Company was the best fed company in the line during the Hindenburg stunt. It was with a great deal of pleasure that months later, in Connerrè, the battalion was paraded to hear read to them the citation from the Division Commander which we print here, earnestly echoing the sentiments it expresses:

TWENTY-SEVENTH DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
FRANCE

To Mess Sergeant Walter C. McAlester, Co. A, 106th Machine Gun Battalion:

Your gallant conduct in the field on September 29, 1918 during the operations against the Hindenburg Line in taking your field kitchen forward to the line under heavy fire after you had been wounded, has been reported to me, and I take pleasure in commending and making this record of your gallantry.

JOHN F. O'RYAN,
Major General
Commanding.

In the Field, France.
December 12,1918.

The main stunt in front of the Hindenburg Line had been scheduled for Sunday morning. Friday and Saturday we were occupied mainly in working on our gun positions and equipment. The emplacements had been hurriedly dug Thursday night, but with two full days before us we dug and sandbagged them until they afforded the last ounce of protection and cover for the men who were to fire from them on Sunday. We also constructed small dugouts directly below each gun to be used as belt-filling stations. The value of the work and the thoroughness with which we accomplished it was shown on Sunday when despite the heavy counter-barrage laid down by Jerry we suffered no casualties other than a few men slightly gassed. The two days seemed fairly quiet although we had our periods of excitement when the boche would suddenly cut loose with a short, fierce barrage, especially at night when he drenched the surrounding country with gas. As dusk settled over the trench the men proceeded to mount the guns and tripods on the completed emplacements. The work was soon finished and all was in readiness for the big stunt. Just after five o'clock next morning the word was passed to "Stand to" and the men quickly tumbled out of the various dugouts and took their respective

places. The dawn was just beginning to break and the night mists hung low over the surrounding country. As we took our places there seemed to be a lull over the entire country broken only by an occasional shell which went screaming overhead. As we waited we could hear the low droning sound made by the tanks as they lumbered forward and through the lifting mists we could dimly discern their ungainly looking hulks creeping in and out of shell-holes and trenches.

The zero hour was 5.50 and we spent the scant hour beforehand looking to the guns, correcting elevations, re-laying, checking data and carrying filled boxes to the gun emplacements, ready at hand for the No. 2 men. During the night a tape-line (a white marking line to guide the infantry on the jump-off) had been laid down by the engineers. It ran parallel to the Hindenburg Canal about 2000 yards east of it and a short distance in front of our positions. The infantry had already taken their places on the tape and crouched there waiting for the word to send them forward. All through the night the Australian artillery had been wheeling into position behind us. Their heavy guns strung out for thousands of yards to the rear, their light field pieces in a field just back of our trench.

All was in silent readiness as at 5.45 the Nos. 1 and 2 men climbed over into the emplacements and crouched behind their guns. "Stand-By" came the order and twenty-four figures straightened as they gripped the gun handles. An instant's silence and then "Load" and the guns clicked sharply twice as the belts were pulled through and the locks went home. A short wait, seconds perhaps, and then "Fire" and in one blinding, roaring flash, up and down the trench, on all sides of us and to our rear, the attack on the Hindenburg Line was started. Thousands of iron monsters belched forth their messages of death and destruction. Guns which had lain silent for days and weeks awaiting this moment suddenly leaped to life along with those that had been daily hurling shells across that valley. The noise was so great we could scarcely hear our own little guns pounding away. The men at the guns worked as surely men had never worked before. The order was for rapid fire and we ran the loaded belts through as rapidly as the fast-heating guns would work. The men in the niches below us outdid themselves in refilling belts and sending back the loaded boxes should we have need of them. Of course, there were stoppages, some slight and some more disconcerting but each gun coaxed or bullied into doing its full duty and when the signal "Cease Fire" was given, each gun was still going like mad. Every ten minutes we corrected for elevation and refilled with water and during the scant minute occupied in doing this we had a chance to look out over the valley in front of us. It was simply a seething inferno of smoke, men and shells and we wondered then, as we do now, how anybody ever got through it.

The whole allied barrage of which ours was a part may be divided roughly into three groups. It was up to that time the greatest barrage of the war. First the heavy artillery starting at the zero hour kept pounding away all day flooding the German back area with gas to hinder bringing up supplies and men and seeking out the Hun heavy batteries with gas and high explosives. In the second group the field guns or light artillery put down a creeping barrage, starting at the zero hour two hundred yards in advance of the tape line from which the infantry jumped and lifting one hundred yards every four minutes, the scheduled rate of the infantry advance. Finally the machine gun barrage was directed on the main defenses in front of the Hindenburg tunnel and canal and had as its object the holding in check of the Hun infantrymen and machine gunners until our own infantry and tanks could close with them and prevent them from getting into effective action.

So after thirty minutes of continuous fire came the whistle "Cease Fire" and we dismounted guns and carried everything below to the dug-out's where we cleaned them and repaired any

slight damage done. Our work for a time was over and the struggle lay now wholly with the infantry and the artillery.

The Canal du Nord. Part of Hindenburg Line of Defense

During the next few hours as we waited in the trench and prepared to move, we saw much of the grim side of the war. A dressing station had been established by the Medical Corps of the Thirtieth Division under the shelter of one end of our trench and it seemed only a few minutes after the barrage stopped that the never-ending line of wounded began coming back. There was something pathetic and forlorn as well as thrilling to see those boys singly and in groups come hobbling or dragging themselves across the open space in front of our trench seemingly unaware of the shells that dropped about them. The inferno they had just left was so much more terrible that a few shells mattered not a bit to their numb, aching bodies and weary minds. As they reached the shelter of the trench and had their wounds cared for they told us much of the progress of the battle. For a time they were men halted in the first mad rush of the assault and then later came men who told us tales of the hand-to-hand conflict surging up and down the canal and tunnels of the Hindenburg Line. The men whom we had seen go forward so gallantly in the morning came back with empty pockets and hands to tell us of dropping bombs into the very heart of the German defenses only to feel the answering sting of bullets or shells. The line of wounded soon became interspersed with Jerry prisoners wandering back unarmed and unguarded, crouching and ducking from their own shells and ever seeking shelter from which they were ever ousted and ordered to move further to the rear out of the way.

Later in the morning some of the Australians who were to leapfrog our men, came through our trench headed for the thick of the fight. We could not help an involuntary thrill of admiration at the cool, nonchalant way in which they sauntered forward, swinging along, scarcely in formation and seemingly deigning not even to

The Yank Looks Like Vincent but We Know it Isn't

glance at the fast dropping shells. The "Aussies" moved forward in columns of files with about twenty to thirty-yard intervals and at the very head of one of the columns was a scrappy little foxterrier, stepping along as jauntily as any Australian in the outfit, head up and seeming to care for the shells as little as did they.

Just in back of our positions was a solid row

of eighteen-pound Australian artillery and all morning we watched with ever growing admiration the work of the Australian gunners. They moved quickly and surely about their guns, some of them bareheaded, their gas masks hanging out of the satchel to be grasped with little delay and used no longer than was necessary, nearly all of them with some wound or other, they served their guns seemingly heedless of the death which surrounded them, taking toll of their numbers by the score.

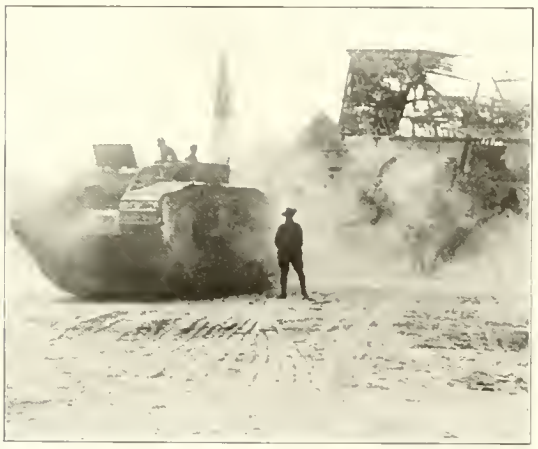
Along towards noon came the order to vacate our positions and gathering our equipment we moved out by platoons. The transport was waiting just at the end of our trench and it was only the rare good-luck that always followed A Company that saved them from heavy casualties. They arrived at Hargicourt just as the barrage was starting and for nearly three hours hugged a wall as closely as possible while Jerry gave them everything he had. They finally moved out to a little ravine back of our trench and five minutes after they left their first shelter the wall was completely demolished by a direct hit. From nine o'clock until near noon the men sought what cover they could for themselves and the mules in the ravine behind the trench and except for Sergeant Reilly and Private Boylan, who were gassed, they were untouched when the platoons moved out.

We passed through Hargicourt and around to the left of Roussoy where we halted by the roadside and proceeded to eat dinner. While so engaged we saw a stream of tanks come wabbling back and turn wearily into a nearby field. We were being held in mobile reserve and had nothing to do but await orders which would come only in case of a counter-attack or break-through. We waited on a vast plain where were parked hundreds of British limbers waiting for dusk to start their journey to the guns which were being steadily pushed forward. Suddenly Jerry sent over a few "coal-boxes" as we termed the overhead shrapnel and in a few minutes everything movable was in a mad rush for shelter.

That night C and D companies went back to their former positions while A and B spent the night in the Bakalu Tunnel. This was a dugout in an abandoned quarry and housed about seven hundred men. It was fitted up with bunks and we were just about congratulating ourselves on the prospect of a good night's rest when shortly before nine o'clock orders came in for one platoon to go back to Valley Post and establish S. O. S. positions with four guns. As usual when a night move materialized, the French weather man kicked in with a hard rain and the fact that the limber mules were so choked with gas that they could hardly pull a load added much to the difficulties of the situation. The first platoon was selected for the night's work and set out under Lieutenant Wellington about 11 p. m. It was pitch dark and they proceeded in single file with each man holding tightly to the man in front of him and every so often a man would slip off the road and drag two or three leg-weary comrades into a shell-hole with him or mix himself and them up in the ever present wire. Luckily there was but little shelling and when about half the distance had been covered a shell set fire to an ammunition dump and for the remainder of the way it was almost as light as day. When we reached our positions the dugouts were occupied by battle-worn infantrymen or Australian artillerymen so after posting an S. O. S. and gas guard we disposed ourselves to sleep wherever we could.

By Monday the situation on the left was much improved and the Germans had been driven out of Bony. The second platoon was ordered to relieve the first and take up positions about a thousand yards forward of their position at a place called Rifle Pit Trench. That same afternoon Lieutenant Wellington went forward and reconnoitered the ground and laid out the new positions and at night the Second Platoon moved forward to the new line. The night passed very quietly, the new gun positions being constructed and upon the completion of this work the platoon, less the necessary guard, turned in. As it

was dark before they were relieved. Lieutenant Wellington decided to keep his men in the old positions so that they could get a good night's sleep. The infantrymen had moved out during the day and the First Platoon shared the dugout with the Australian artillerymen whose guns were on all sides of the trench pounding away at Jerry although now at practically their greatest range. The platoon had a merry little party that night with the "Aussies" for everyone was happy over the successes which had been and were being gained. Until far into the night Yank and "Aussie" swapped song and story and entertained each other with all the songs they could think of. It was the first time most of us had had an opportunity to know the "Aussies" and we found them just as good fellows for an evening's song and



laughter as for a week's battle with Jerry. Tuesday morning the platoon was ordered to return to the Bakalu Tunnel and just before noon we left our positions in front of the Hindenburg Line for good.

After mess the entire battalion formed outside the Bakalu Tunnel and we marched to Villers-Faucons, where we spent the night billeting ourselves in what nooks we could find. It was our first peaceful sleep in nearly a week and we certainly gave it our full attention. In the morning the battalion continued the march, hiking to Buire which was our stopping place for a short period of rest. The ensuing week passed very quietly; we fixed ourselves up as comfortably as we could and then set to work on our equipment which proved a fairly sizable job but which kept us from drilling which helped some. Two pleasurable events in Buire were the return of Lieutenant "Fanny" Grant from hospital and the return of Captain Roberts from Machine Gun School. It was during our week at Buire also that the battalion transport became a company transport and Lieutenant Wellington was placed in command of the A Company limbers.

On Monday, October 7th, Captain Roberts spoke to the company along lines that left no doubt of the magnitude of the task in hand, and impressed on us the fact that pleasure, ease and comfort were things to exist in memory only until the German General Staff should hold up its hands and shout "Kamerad" for keeps.

The brigade left Buire the next day and tramped steadily in the direction of Berlin until about midnight, when it turned off into the fields, adjacent to what had once been the town of Villeret. A few men found quarters in an old dugout. The majority made sleeping bags with shelter halves and blankets and prepared for sleep beneath the twinkling stars. Just before we dropped off to sleep, the British searchlights grew restless and began to shift anxiously, now concentrating on a point, now hopelessly diverging. The characteristic rising and falling hum of the boche motor soon disclosed the cause of the commotion. Suddenly a tiny silver cross

appeared in the path of one of the larger searchlights, and simultaneously the crash of the "Archies" and the pop-pop-pop of the Lewis guns burst upon our ears. The hapless boche manoeuvred vainly to escape the unwelcome limelight, while vicious spats of flame appeared to engulf him as the British shrapnel burst close around him. But luck favored the Hun and at last he succeeded in sneaking out of the silvery beam and try as they would, the searchlights could not find him again. Quiet came over the fields, save for an occasional lusty snore.

The next morning we packed up and stood by for orders until about noon. Mess Sergeant MacAlester who had received a severe injury a few days previous, from a piece of shell casing which had been deflected after striking the hub of a rolling kitchen, in addition to having been gassed, together with Jack Claire who had also been gassed were obliged to leave the company. Both of them displayed symptoms of influenza and it was not until some time afterward that the company realized that they were in a serious condition.

By some manner or means the Tommies nearby had secured a barrel of lager beer and the fact spread quickly among the men of the company. In these days of prohibition it is well for those who were fortunate enough to have imbibed the amber fluid to reminisce a bit and smack their lips. As one of the boys said "The beer was pretty 'bon.'" That night we had good billets in Ramicourt which we reached via Nauroy, Bellicourt and Joncourt, towns that were taken by the division in the now famous smash on the Hindenburg Line between Cambrai and St. Quentin.

It was at Ramicourt that we deposited our effects in a couple of houses where a number of chicken wire bunks promised a good sleep and then the gang started out on that greatest of all A. E. F. pastimes, to wit: souvenir hunting. There were many grim evidences of the courage and loyalty of the German Machine Gun Corps. Guns mounted in shell-holes, railroad stations and other convenient places, stood silent guard over the bodies of their crews. A Company acquired a number of the German belt boxes for extra belts, bringing our number of full boxes up to eighteen. Also, Lugers, field glasses, watches and belts were much in vogue around the billets.

Our last day of uneventful hiking put Montbrehain, Brancourt and Premont behind us and the battalion pitched pup tents in Sabliere Woods, later commonly referred to as "Flu" Valley for the reason that the plague scored heavily during our sojourn in this place which later became rear Battalion Headquarters. Flu and German artillery fire had thinned us out and owing to many

General O'Ryan and Sir Douglas Haig at Hindenburg Line

blank and vacant files the company was divided into two platoons of four guns each, it being deemed inadvisable to try to fight twelve guns with the small number of men available. The new arrangement was designated as B formation and was used for the "rest of the war."

On the night of October 11th orders were expected for the company to move forward. Equipment was overhauled, belts inspected, limbers packed and the company waited in misery in a fine rain for the orders to come in. At two a. m. on October 12th the orders came and not the com-

pany but the Second Platoon hiked out in battle array, gun sections behind their limbers and pulled up in the brush outside Becquigny about six a. m. A cold ration of bully beef, bread and jam was quickly despatched and the platoon moved up to positions nearby and dug emplacements along two hedges running at right angles to each other, facing the Hun across a narrow valley. The hedges were on the forward slope of a hill and behind us the field stretched back up the hill to another hedge parallel to ours, on the other side of which was a mass of shrubbery, dotted by small clearings in which it was intended to dig funk holes for sleeping. For awhile things were as tranquil as a New England Sunday morn. Perhaps Jerry saw too many O. D. figures moping across the gaps in the hedge, perhaps he had some inside dope, perhaps anything you like, but suddenly the air was filled with whirrs and whistles and bangs and booms and in a minute the platoon was below ground the men taking shelter in any hole or depression that presented itself. The bombardment, consisting mostly of whizz-bangs with a heavy one thrown in here and there for luck, lasted about half an hour. It would go on steadily for about ten minutes, slow up, stop, and just as we were about to climb out of our holes it would break out again and the process would be repeated. We were lucky as usual, losing only one man. A piece of iron, from one that fell short, hopped through the hedge and then through "Tim" Haney's arm, inflicting a very painful wound. He was brought back to the First Aid Station by volunteer stretcher-bearer, Harry Messinger. A couple of machine gunners from the Thirtieth Division, had been killed directly at one of the emplacements and though the men covered them with a ground sheet, their presence added nothing to the attractiveness of our surroundings. Their Lewis gun was mounted and the magazines filled. Another Lewis gun, salvaged by Haney before his misfortune, was also brought into line.

At three o'clock Captain Roberts arrived with word that the company was to fire a barrage at four o'clock in support of the British on our right who were going over to straighten out the line near Vaux Andigny. B Company was to our left and rear. At the appointed hour we opened up and Jerry opened up on us. Our Vickers hammered away merrily for about half a minute when there was a buzz, a screech and a tremendous explosion on our right front. Thereafter, the whizz-bangs and heavies banged away deafeningly. The earth on all sides was torn by constant upheavals and the air was dark with smoke and debris. Still, no one was hit and our guns rattled on pouring a hail of lead on the German machine gun emplacements. Of our own artillery we heard nothing. Its fire was directed too far to our right to help us much. In the midst of the barrage it was seen that B Company was unwittingly connecting their position and target by a stream of tracer bullets. Frank Collins went back to inform them of the fact going through one of the worst barrages we encountered. After "Cease Firing" we went back to the shrubbery to dig funk holes in which to spend the night. We covered the holes with shelter halves which did not do much towards keeping out the rain which fell that night in torrents. The holes were soon a mess of mud and water and the fact that a crew had to be

maintained on each gun, as well as a gas guard in the vicinity of the funk holes, added much to the general discomfort.

About ten o'clock that night the platoon was brought out through the woods for mess. A limber had been brought up to platoon headquarters which had been established in a small cottage about 1000 yards from the gun emplacements. It had been a long day with a light breakfast and noon meal and the men were tired and hungry. Hot stew was served and though stews may come and stews may go, that stew

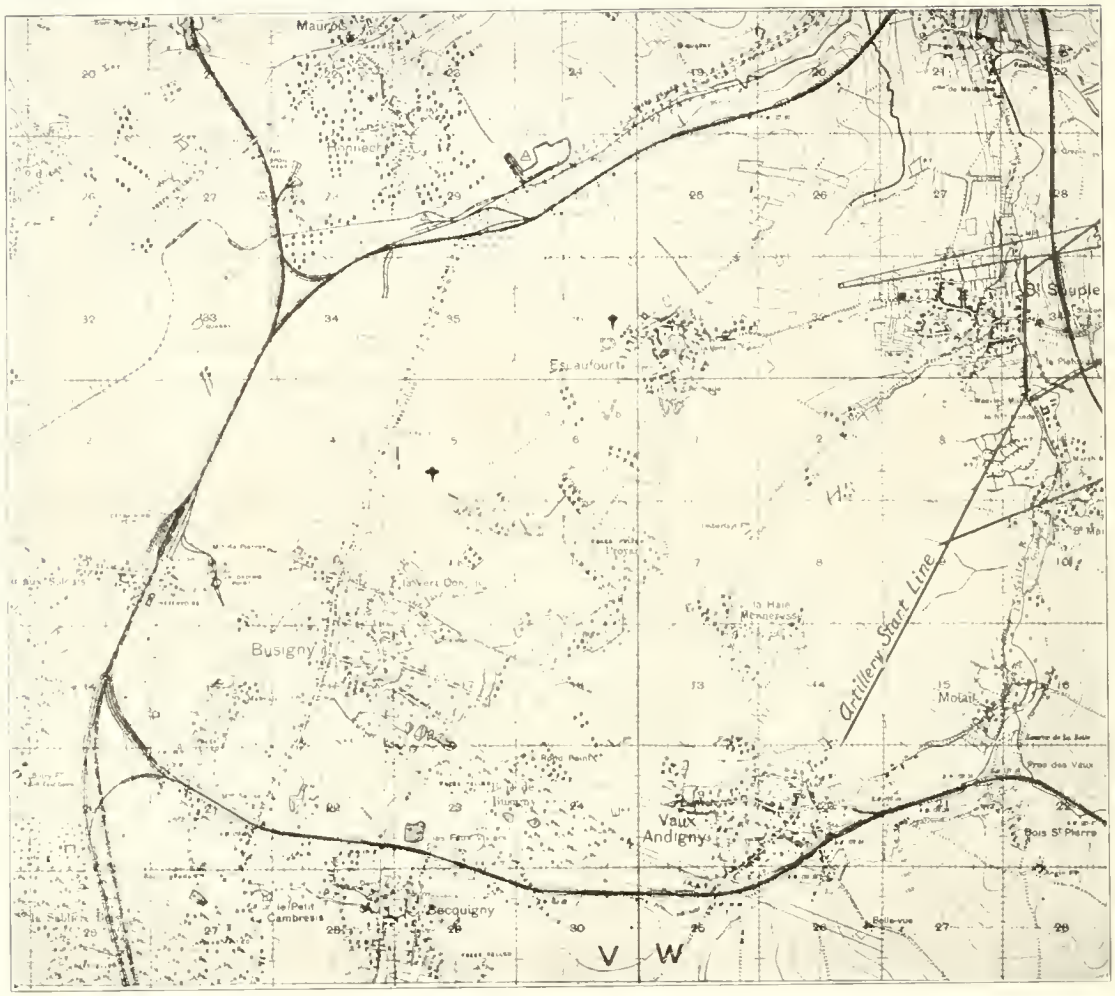
"Jerry" Machine Gun Emplacement

will always be remembered by the men who fired the "Matinee Barrage" on Columbus Day. The platoon returned to their positions and carried on through the night. It was about three o'clock the next morning that Sergeant Zimmer who was about to stand his trick on gas guard was struck. He had been in a small funk hole and as he raised his head above the level of the ground a stray piece of shrapnel struck him inflicting a scalp-wound. Fortunately the wound was not serious and he was taken to a dressing station where he was carefully attended to by a Red Cross ambulance driver. His absence from the company was a short one and within three days he rejoined us at "Flu" Valley.

About ten o'clock the next morning the first platoon, Lieutenant Grant in command, relieved the second. The funk holes already dug were enlarged and deepened by the second platoon, while waiting for the relief and the guns were moved out to positions in front of the hedge. It was necessary to move the guns back of the hedge before daylight as the positions were under direct observation and German snipers and machine gunners were on the watch.

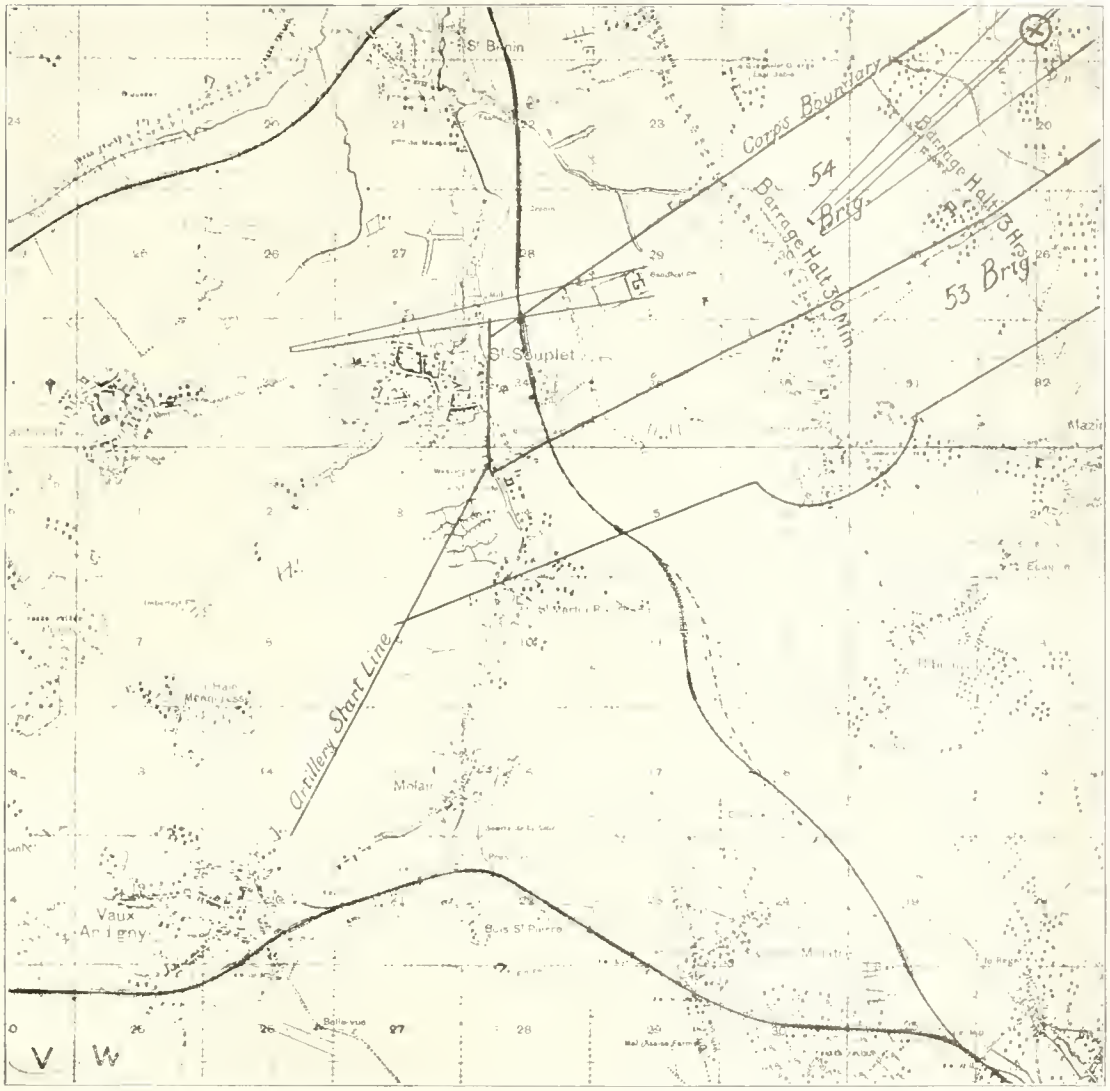
When the first platoon took over the positions, the second hiked back to Becquigny, where it stayed overnight. Here the first platoon picked it up the following evening and both platoons returned to "Flu" Valley and made themselves as comfortable as pup tents will allow. An extra blanket apiece, bringing the total up to four, insured warmth and comfort in sleep. The next day brought a generous and welcome mail and the bright bits of news and gossip from the States were a decided relief after the somewhat precarious business of the week. The happiness it brought was sadly dimmed by the official notification that Harry Walsh had met his death in the performance of his duty on the night of September 27th. He had been reported as missing since that date, but we had held out hopes that he was at least doing well in some hospital. The news was a blow to all the members of A Company as Harry was loved and respected by all by reason of his fine spirit of friendship and splendid character.

Our rest period was short. On the 16th, at three in the afternoon we moved out once more, this time to the village of Escaufourt. Equipment was deposited in the billets and the company, armed with pick and shovel, walked out to the selected spot, about a kilo away, in the direction of St. Souplet and proceeded to convert a number of half-dug funk holes into a formidable line of scientifically constructed machine gun emplacements. The positions were on the reverse slope of a hill and not subject to observation, thus having the two most essential characteristics of a good machine gun emplacement, to wit: field of fire (sufficient for the task at hand) and concealment from view and protection from enemy fire, the last item being obtained



Map showing barrage fired from hedge in front of Vaux Andigny protecting the left flank of the British as they were straightening their section of the line. The counter barrage of the enemy during the forty minutes of firing was one of the severest encountered by the company.

by an hour of lusty excavation. All being as it should be, we returned to Escaufourt for supper and sleep. The next morning, or as the average civilian would call it, in the middle of the night, we were awakened and proceeded to the scene of action and soon the work of laying the guns was being rapidly completed. Jerry chipped in with a few gas shells and for a few minutes darkness and cloudy eyepieces strove to hinder the work but from one of the flanks the word was passed down "Take those blankety-blank gas masks off, we have work to do." And so it was done. This time it was evidently Jerry's artillery that had other work in hand for hardly a shell came near us during the half hour of firing that followed. We may say here that, while one of the easiest of our barrages, it was also one of the most important, assisting as it did in the attack which carried our fighting doughboys across the La Selle River and to the top of the heights on the other side. In this attack three companies of the battalion followed the infantry over, A



Map showing barrage fired protecting our infantry during the capture of St. Souplet and the crossing of la Selle River and barrage fired on enemy strong points which were temporarily holding up the advance. The latter were the last gun positions of Company A. Map also shows Brigade boundaries and gives an idea of the front occupied by a division during an advance. In this case the 27th Division occupied a little over 2,000 yards of front.

Company being held as part of the Brigade Reserve. We returned to Escaufourt for a couple of meals and part of a night's sleep. Practically all the civilians had been brought to the rear during the attack by the Allies. The Germans had been in possession of this town for over three years and the civilians were obliged to submit to the oppressive military measures of the "German High Command." They were obliged to turn over to the Germans all the results of their labors in the fields, they were restricted to certain areas and their women had been insulted and outraged. When we returned to the town we were greeted by three elderly French-

men in whose minds we were liberators. They had been under gas attacks, their eyes were bloodshot and their lungs congested, nevertheless they extended to us all the hospitality at their command. The endeavored to make us comfortable in the few remaining buildings and informed us where we could obtain vegetables from nearby truck gardens.

In this town occurred the historic episode of the chicken stew. One of the platoons having waylaid and despatched a couple of orphaned "poulets" proceeded to make a chicken stew of undoubted quality and savor. When the men of the other platoon looked on hungrily and the appetizing aroma filled their nostrils, the proud owners of the stew not only refused flatly to donate any portion of the meal to their famished brethren but insisted on receiving their half of the evening meal sent up from the kitchen. Thereupon the men of the rival platoon deployed into the fields and henroops and amassed a store of fowl and groceries that would have made Herbert C. Hoover, Food Comptroller, lose several nights sleep had he seen it. At once there stood forth Charlie Johnson, noted as the "Barrie" of a famous quartet, and assumed the role of cook. The pile of forage was soon transformed into the most delicious stew ever served at an O. D. banquet. And so that the honor of the platoon might be fully restored, they also insisted on half of the very excellent rabbit stew sent up for the evening meal and thereafter a constant but bloodless feud existed between the two platoons of A Company. As competition is the best guarantee of good service, who shall deplore said feud?

We went to sleep that night, as usual ready to move at a minute's notice, which we did at one o'clock in the morning and trudged down the much-shelled road to St. Souplet, a small

THIS WAS TAKEN NEAR LA SABLIERE WOODS. WE ARE GLAD WE WERE NEVER ON THE DEFENSIVE

102d ENGINEERS AT ST. SOUPLET BRIDGE

village to which Brother Boche was devoting much attention at the time. It was not advisable to loiter long around the little wooden bridge that our engineers had erected and maintained in spite of Jerry's whole-souled efforts to knock it down and keep it down. The limbers pulled up in a field and the men sat down in a stable for a short time where we were pestered by flies who had evidently been gassed. They would fly for a second and fall and struggle up again and fall again. We finally unloaded our gear and brought it to a house on the main thoroughfare, about one hundred yards from the bridge where we remained until the afternoon. Our positions this time were in shell-holes about halfway between St. Souplet and Arbre de Guise. No sooner had digging started that a number of German planes circled overhead, and as no more than twenty minutes had been allowed in constructing the gun positions these planes were, to say the least, a bit disconcerting. They flew low enough for the men to distinguish the painted iron crosses on their wings and hovered above us like hawks. We were under the impression at that time that they were observing planes whose mission was to take photographs so we all stood still and waited. Finally a few bombs were dropped but fortunately for us they struck on the road to our rear and unfortunately for the transport of B Company inflicted several casualties.

We held the positions that night, three men per gun maintaining a guard, while the spare men spent the night at Becquigny. In the morning the company was quartered in Bandival Farm near the positions where a number of "Aussies" from a nearby battery were living. Here the spare numbers joined their squads again but slept in funk holes outside the farm. The re-

mainder of the platoon slept atop the hay piles and slept the sleep of the just well into the morning of the twentieth. The long sleep was due no more to excessive fatigue than to a fortunate error whereby a petrol tin of rum was issued to thirty-five men instead of the regulation half-tin to fifty men. The furnishings of the farm lent themselves admirably to cooking in the library and drawing-room so the company had several well prepared meals, toast and bread fried in bacon grease being incidental to every meal.

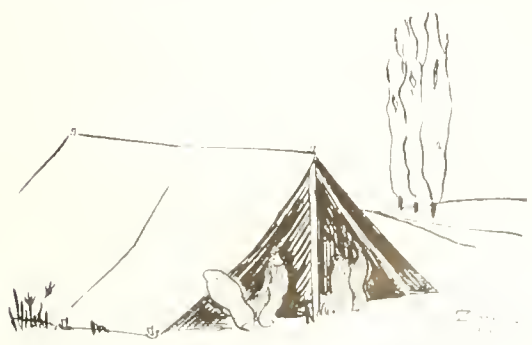
That afternoon some of His Majesty's officers, whose caps bore the well-known device of the British Machine Gun Corps, were spied consulting with our officers and soon it was "good dope" that we were to be relieved. The relief was accomplished and we marched back to Escaufourt where we once more enjoyed hot meals and chicken wire bunks. We were also favored with an issue of warm, comfort-giving sleeveless sweaters for which thanks are due to the Red Cross, as for other comforts that came to us from time to time. The division relieving us was, by the way, our old friends, the Sixth Division (British Army) with whom we first heard the whistle of a shell and the whine of a machine gun bullet in the shadow of Kemmel.

This time we were coming back for a divisional rest. As usual, all sorts of rumors were circulated throughout the battalion. We were to get the "King's Rest," a British privilege of three months out of the line. We were sure of this as the "Aussies" who fought with us at the Hindenburg Line were out for three months. Then it was said that General Rawlinson, or some other high officer, had asked that we be returned in three weeks. The pessimists said we weren't going out at all. But no one had the least suspicion of the real outcome. Had we known on that morning of October 20th, that we were through with the great World War, at least in so far as actual fighting was concerned, the buoyancy that the thought would have added to our step would have been just about counteracted by the extra weight of the souvenirs that would have been gathered in a last mad rush. But no one knew and many a Luger, belt and helmet lay unmolested on the fields on that account.

THIS WAS *SOME* CORNER IN ST. SOUPLET

The movement back was continued and we spent the night in a farmhouse near "Flu" Valley. Straw was plentiful and the barn, cleaned out, made very comfortable quarters. On the morning of the 22nd we pulled out again, this time in column of squads with the limbers following the battalion, a method of marching much easier than battle formation, in which the squads are constantly slowing down and double timing to catch up, owing to the irregularity of the mules' gait. We passed through Premont and evening brought us to Nauroy where we were turned loose with *carte blanche* to sleep in any house we saw. The only trouble was that none of the houses had roofs or windows and most of those that were not razed to the ground were shy several walls. There was, however, a convenient cemetery that had been torn by the severe bombardments and it was here that some of the men sought shelter. In one instance at least one of the vaults was appropriated and a vacant niche therein utilized as a bunk and the fastidious soldier had no compunctions whatsoever about his surroundings. We took to the cellars and fires were soon drying them out, the smoke which refused to go out being less objectionable than the cold and dampness. Morning found us passing through Bellicourt and the masses of barbed wire and concrete emplacements and dugouts that had lately been part of the "impregnable Hindenburg Line." We passed again through war-torn Roisel and pitched pup tents at Marquaix about two kilos beyond. Each company scattered and collected all the wood in sight which was used to keep roaring fires going at the head of each company street. That evening a mysterious tossing of coins and calling of "heads" and "tails" occurred in most of the tents and at five-thirty next morning shivering men emerged from the tents with all the spare blankets while the luckier ones snuggled under the blankets that remained and shouted encouragement to the bad guessers who were loading the spare blankets on the limbers. The transport pulled out about six o'clock: the battalion moved about nine and arrived at Tincourt at noon. We pulled up in a field for lunch and after some delay boarded the familiar box cars and "Hommed and Chevauxed" to Villers Brettoneux which we reached about eight p. m. The hike that followed was not pleasant being accomplished in the pitch dark, fully loaded and tired out by the train ride. About ten o'clock we dragged ourselves down the main street of Vaire-sous-Corbie and were distributed among the various cottages.

This town of Vaire-sous-Corbie was situated about twenty-five kilometers north of Amiens and Division Headquarters was located at Corbie about five kilometers from Vaire. We little realized at this time that we were out of the war and anxiously awaited the arrival of the *Daily Mail* and the Paris edition of the *Herald*. There were few sufferers in this town as the Australians had started an offensive from Villers-Brettonneux the previous August and most of the inhabitants had retired as refugees towards the larger cities of France. As usual rumors prevailed that Germany was getting ready to capitulate and the men immediately started making wagers as to the date. We finally received the news that terms had been submitted to the enemy and that an armistice would go into effect at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of nineteen hundred and eighteen, provided Germany consented to the terms. The news was received about four o'clock in the



Thank Goodness These Days are Over

TOMMIES GOING UP THROUGH RAMICOURT

afternoon on November 11th and our celebration of the event was made by Jack Bright climbing the steeple of the dilapidated village church and tolling the bell.

Immediately thereafter rumors were rife as to the time of our departure for America. Some of the men reported that they had heard *positively* that the company would entrain and proceed at once to Brest where transports were awaiting us and that we would positively be home before Christmas. It was at Vaire that our long-looked for leaves of absence were granted. St. Malo on the coast of Brittany had been designated as a leave area for our division but with this announcement the men were confronted with the fact that remuneration for service in the Army had not been conserved and most of the men were impecunious. "Stuff-em" Eklund had been successful in the outdoor game of African golf and had managed to corral nigh on to one thousand francs. Under the regulations governing leaves of absence two men were allowed to proceed to St. Malo and Eklund was perfectly willing to be the pioneer into the great unknown. He selected as his side-kick Charles Henry Johnson, Jr., to help him expend the "easy money." They proceeded to St. Malo and returned with glowing accounts of the hospitality they received from the French. The leave center for officers of the division was Nice on the Riviera and as soon as the announcement of its opening was made, Lieutenants Beamish and McDonnell grasped the opportunity. They were fortunate enough to be in Nice the day the armistice was signed and their experiences would make a short history in themselves.

Through the generosity of the Fourth British Army ninety-eight of their leaves to England and

Ireland were extended to our Division every seven days. Our Battalion was given its pro rata share and men of the company who had near relatives in Great Britain or Ireland were given the preference for the opportunity to visit them.

On November 8th. First Sergeant Ray proceeded to Officers' Training School to join his predecessors Sergeants Perkins. Wadhams, Joseph Joyce. Collins and Lindsay and the real hard work of the company from then on devolved upon Sergeant Walter R. Kuhn who was made "Top-Kicker." He says so himself. On November 10th. Memorial services were held in honor of the men of the Division who died on the field of honor and thereafter a review was held by Major-General John F. O'Ryan on the field near Corbie.

With the signing of the armistice, many of the men who had been sent away suffering from influenza and gas, returned to the company and Denny. Hart. Bernstein. Marando. Moore. Kainer. Orgeron. Priske. W. R. Williams and Willms. were added. General routine continued and tactical training was the work of the day. particular stress being laid on the packing of mules, and manoeuvering. Weekly passes were issued to Amiens and most of the men in the company took advantage of the chance to visit the "Cathedral City." The Twenty-seventh Division theatrical unit staged the "Broadway Boys" which helped a great deal to break the monotony and was in fact the only diversion we had. Lieutenant Wellington arranged for the installation of battalion baths near the canal and the men were given every facility to rid themselves of the ever present "cootie." Just before we departed on our trip south. Lieutenant McDonnell went to a machine gun school to be instructed in warfare which to all intents and purposes had been completed.

On November 23d the company entrained again in the side-door Pullmans with provisions for a seventy-two hour journey. but fortunately after an uneventful trip of two days we detrained at Connerrè in the Le Mans area.

We were pleased to greet Lieutenant Hawkins who had left the company in Buire in October for service as an aerial observer but with the ceasing of hostilities he had been ordered to return to his company and we found him acting in the capacity of Billeting Officer. With his ever present foresight he had looked after the interests of the men of Company A to say nothing of his selection of an officers' billet. Barns and stables had been provided for the men but permission was granted to hire rooms in the homes of the inhabitants and the French were ever willing and anxious to increase their hard-earned savings. In compliance with an order from Battalion Headquarters requesting information as to the number of men residing without the billets assigned, it was disclosed that Company

British Lorries "Our Taxis"

A. as always well in front. led off with ninety-one men and the next company could boast of but eight. As has been noted. three days' rations had been allotted the men and therefore our first day in Connerrè. which happened to be Thanksgiving Day. was celebrated by a full-course dinner of "corned willie" and hardtack. The sergeants who had been attending Officers' Training School were ordered to return to their companies as by an order from G. H. Q. no further commissions were to be made and except in the case of Sergeants Perkins and Wadhams. the courses were not completed. On De-

cember 8th the company received the following replacements: Anglin, Armstrong, Asp, Beckham, Beier, Belkoski, Benzie, Blomiarz, Bell, Eagerton, Gorman.

Our Major, Mortimer D. Bryant, who had been with us since the formation of the battalion, was promoted to the rank of Colonel and assigned to the 107th Infantry Regiment. His promotion took place before the armistice while he was in the line and inasmuch as no further promotions could be made the men well knew that their commanding officer would not be one of the four Captains of the battalion. Major Eggleston, formerly of the 105th Machine Gun Battalion, was assigned as commander of our battalion.

Connerrè was but four hours distant from Paris and although Paris was in the prohibited area, the old adage of "Where there's a will, there's a way" again proved true in a great many instances. Towns located on the other side of Paris were selected as visiting points but in very few instances were they visited.

It was in Connerrè that it became evident that waiting was more difficult to withstand than activity and with the knowledge that the war was really over as far as we were concerned, the bugbear of daily routine became almost obnoxious. From the day of our arrival in the town the men were always anxious to know when we would sail for home. To make up for our frugal meal on Thanksgiving Day, plans were formulated to celebrate properly our Christmas Dinner and various committees of Entertainment, Arrangements, Decorations and Dinner were appointed. There was no building large enough to hold the function so after a great deal of persuasion we were able to obtain through the courtesy of the Y. M. C. A. a large marquee, which with the aid of willing hands was quickly erected on the lawn in the rear of the kitchen. This was artistically decorated with pines, mistletoe, Japanese lanterns and electric lights. The surrounding country was searched and through the efforts of Charles Johnson and Bert Hamilton a piano was procured and entertainers from the Division Theatricals, consisting of Jack Mahoney, Judson House, Eddy Rickard and our own quartette offered a programme. We must also recall Ray Riker's presentation of the "Kid's Last Fight." Speeches were made by the officers and on behalf of the men of the company, First Sergeant Kuhn presented a watch, which had been purchased in Paris, to Captain Roberts. It was a token of esteem and affection from the men in recognition of his untiring efforts, example and interest in the welfare of each man in his command.

A separate paragraph must be allotted to the very successful efforts of the Refreshment Committee in connection with our Christmas Dinner. "Norm" Wangmann and "Little Jimmy" Collyer were the official brewers. "Nuff sed!"

Early in December Captain Roberts had been assigned to form a provisional Supply Company with quarters at Pont-de-Gennes. In his absence Lieutenant Beamish took command of the company which, although it excused him from drill, imposed upon him the difficult task of endeavoring to prevent the men from being court-martailed and sent to the Labor Battalions. He was successful. New Year's Eve found the finances of the company as a whole in a hole. Somehow or other, by pleading with the officers or the townspeople for the necessary francs the men accumulated enough funds to do justice to the occasion. At midnight the band of the 107th Regiment appeared on the square and played jazz music to the strains of which the men quickly exhibited their terpsichorean abilities. "An enjoyable evening was had by all."

In the first week in January a competitive inspection between the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth Divisions was announced. This inspection was scheduled to be made by the Corps Commander, Major-General George W. Read. Although the preparation entailed arduous labor on the part of the men in getting their equipment in first class order the competition was looked upon with favor by the men and every effort was

OUR OFFICERS IN THEIR *BEST* AT CONNERRE

made by each man to bring honor and fame to the division and the battalion. The Twenty-seventh Division marched to the field designated for the inspection but their rivals, the Thirtieth, did not put in an appearance and although no decision was made the men of the division accepted the default of the Southerners as a victory for themselves.

In the divisional competition the 106th Machine Gun Battalion was given first honors as is attested by the following communication:

HEADQUARTERS 54th INFANTRY BRIGADE
A. E. F.

FRANCE, Jan. 14, 1919.

FROM: Commanding General.

TO: Commanding Officer 106th Machine Gun Battalion.

SUBJECT: *Commendation.*

I wish to convey my sincere congratulations due to your organization receiving first honors in the recent competition of the three machine gun units of the 27th Division.

The 106th Machine Gun Battalion has reflected great honor upon the Fifty-fourth Infantry Brigade. Please convey to your officers and men my appreciation of their fine accomplishment.

(Signed) P. E. PIERCE,
Brigadier General

The following is a composite rating made by the Inspectors:

					Machine Gun Bn		
Infantry	105	106	107	108	104	105	106
Troops	80.1	84.8	86.3	83.0	82.2	84.5	87.0
Transport ...	89.5	94.0	95.5	88.3	89.0	95.6	96.2
Fig. of Merit	84.8	89.4	90.9	85.6	85.6	90.0	91.6

Although the mornings were devoted exclusively to individual drill and gas drill, the afternoons were set apart for athletic games and as usual baseball was predominant. Rival nines were formed from the platoons and under the leadership of Lieutenants Grant and Hawkins great interest was manifested. There was also

one consolation in the fact that reveille was dispensed with and the first real formation was held at 8.30 o'clock each morning. In some instances, however, even this hour was too early with the result that the late-comers were relegated to the culinary department as extra fatigue although in reality it was a more or less welcome break in a monotonous existence. A great deal of time was devoted to equipping the men in first class uniforms and to daily physical examinations.

We had heard of the delousing ordeal which was usually compulsory in the Le Mans area and which necessitated a hike to the Belgian Camp, otherwise known as the "dirty camp." The men dreaded undergoing this experience for it had been rumored that instead of being freed of our constant companions, they were great mixers and made friends rapidly. Under the circumstances the company was very happy to receive the following order:

27th DIVISION

ORDERS No. 115 — 13, January, 1919.

1. INFORMATION:

The following is extract from telegram from Headquarters Embarkation Center:

"If your Division can be completely delousted in its present area it need not be moved into the Belgian Camp prior to its departure for Brest. . . ."

2. DELOUSING:

I. Regimental and Unit Commanders will immediately direct medical personnel to make medical inspection to determine an exact roster of each individual member of their command who is infested with vermin.

II. They will then issue necessary orders to insure that each man listed on this roster bathes his entire body once daily by means of a vessel containing at least four quarts of hot water and by completely lathering his entire body. During the bathing period a suitable detail will press the seams of all clothing, including underwear, with hot irons.

III. Commissioned officers will supervise the bathing process and the pressing of clothing and check same on roster.

IV. A medical officer will make a daily inspection of all personnel listed on vermin roster and will certify their discharge from the performance of these duties when free from vermin.

By Command of MAJOR GENERAL O'RYAN,

W. H. RAYMOND,
Colonel, G. S., Chief of Staff.

Again through the efforts of Lieutenant Wellington a battalion bath was established at the power house and Sergeant "Tom" Kane became "Bath-House John."

The company was ordered to proceed to Champagne where the Belgian Camp was located to stand a review by General John J. Pershing. Although in other outfits this review would have been considered an honor, the company actually resented any interference with their carefree life and particularly frowned upon any order that might result in a hike. The Belgium Camp was situated about eighteen kilometers from Connerrè and the entire company with the exception of the First Sergeant, the sick and Mr. Chartress set forth in the early morning and made the hike in one day. They made camp at Champagne, were reviewed the following afternoon and the following day made the return hike. We will allow Mr. Chartress, formerly Mail Orderly, who distributed the mail even when the men were in the line to explain his absence and the result.

On February 22nd, Private First-Class Thomas A. Brown who had been attached to the Headquarters Detachment of the battalion, received the following Divisional Citation:

For gallantry and determination in repeatedly carrying important messages under heavy enemy fire during the operations against the Hindenburg Line, France, September 29, to October 1, 1918 and during the battle of the La Selle River, France, and the engagements subsequent thereto, October 17 to 20, 1918.

JOHN F. O'RYAN,
Major General.

OFFICIAL:

TRISTRAM TUPPER, Division Adjutant.

At last the definite word arrived that we were to leave Connerrè at Brest. On February 23rd we were scheduled to entrain at 1.15 p. m. An early breakfast was had, the billets and town policed and by nine o'clock the men were all ready to make the short hike of a mile and a half to the station. Although our departure meant home, there was some feeling of regret that we were leaving for all time many of the pleasant experiences we had had in this small

village. We had lived here for three months to the day and in that time many of the men had become real friends with many of the inhabitants. We will all remember the popular estaminets and their personnel: Marie, Yvonne, Marcelle, Cecile, Celeste, and so on ad infinitum, had become household words. The whole town was out to bid us farewell and "Bon Voyage." They told us they disliked to see us depart but joined with us in our joy in our homeward trip. The battalion was formed at 11.00 a. m. and was met at the station by Red Cross, K. of C. and Y. M. C. A. workers who served a fine hot lunch. At 1.15 p. m. we mounted the American freight cars which were to take us on our last box car journey and exactly at 2.00 p. m. we were off. Although these cars were vastly superior in construction to the smaller French cars, having clean straw and larger dimensions, fifty-seven men were assigned to each car which really caused conditions to be more crowded than in those of the French variety. But we were traveling towards home and all discomforts were brushed aside and forgotten. In a very few minutes Connerré-Beille from which we sometimes thought we would never escape became but a dot on the landscape and finally flickered out completely.

The main topic of conversation was whether or not upon our arrival at Brest we would proceed immediately to the waiting transports or be obliged to return to the barracks which we had left the previous May. We traveled until about seven o'clock that night when we stopped for supper the announcement of which was received with as much relish as the supper itself for the halt afforded the men an opportunity to exercise stiff joints and stimulate circulation. Large containers resembling milk cans were transported from the kitchen car at the head of the train to each of the troop cars and within a half-hour of stopping each man had been satisfyingly fed a well prepared hot stew with bread and delicious coffee. After supper the men settled down in whatever space was available for the night and when morning finally came it found a tired, yawning, half-frozen train of troopers who were then more keenly concerned about hot coffee than for a glimpse of New York harbor, and just before seven o'clock we were served roast-beef, bread, coffee and preserved peaches. At about one in the afternoon the train slid into view of Brest harbor. The weather was cold, rainy and cheerless but the fact that the harbor was really present was enough to discount the weather conditions. The men were amazed at the transformation which had occurred during a brief ten months. Here was a great, long station platform and shed where but a few months before had been only cinders and sand. There were docks and warehouses, large huts had been constructed for canteens, kitchens which were reached over walks made of duck-boards, through traffic-regulating railings. Brest had indeed felt the pulse of American perseverance and as we looked up the long hill, dotted with numberless buildings constructed by the American Expeditionary Forces, where only the previous May nothing but green fields lay, we recalled the remark of Frank Blackhall when we first sailed into the harbor: "If these hills were in New York they would be covered with 'Buy it Today' ads and decorated billboards." Truly, New York had come to Brest.

We quickly detrained and our hopes of boarding a transport at once received a severe jolt. We were informed that we would stay at least two days in Brest to go through the necessary red tape of returning units. Lunch was served at the station and at three o'clock we were back in our packs trudging silently through a drizzle up the long, long hill, the same hill we had descended on our way to the "Front." At that time we had taken the hike light-heartedly with the song of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" on our lips but now as we marched onward and upward few words were spoken and unconsciously we were paying tribute by our silence to the fact that the "Gang" was not all there and reviewing the experiences and the sacrifices that

FIRST PLATOON AT CONNERRE

had been made. The camp at Brest had grown from that Napoleonic historical old barracks with accommodations for about 3,000 men to an enormous reservation with lodging and service ample for the needs of 30,000. At first we were assigned to tents with wooden floors and in spite of the continuous downpour of rain, which is always prevalent in Brest, we were comfortable inasmuch as bedsacks were issued together with large quantities of fuel for the Sibley stoves. We remained in the tented area but a few days when we were ordered to make packs and proceed to barracks. We stayed in Brest eight days in all and during that time physical inspections were held twice and the men of the battalion were called upon to perform numerous details, both day and night, details more arduous than any we had yet experienced. Sergeant Herbert Ray became a victim of the "flu" and Charlie Chartress broke his arm, caused indirectly in upholding his southern principles. Both these men had been with the company in the line but now they were ordered to a hospital for treatment and so cheated of the homeward trip with their comrades and the ovation later tendered the division in New York City. On the morning of March 5th, reveille was at 5.00 a. m. and it was not long thereafter that we were sneaking quietly under strict orders for silence out of camp on our very last march in France.

We arrived at the dock where we were again the grateful recipients of refreshments from the Red Cross. We boarded a lighter which brought us out to the U. S. S. Missouri and shortly after noon were established on board. Although conditions were cramped, there was just our own

SECOND PLATOON AT CONNERRE

battalion and a few casuals on board. The Missouri was a 1912 man-of-war, manned by a fine type of American sailors. The men were assigned to various compartments and besides the non-commissioned officers, a C. P. O. was assigned to each compartment to assist the men of the Army. Dining tables and benches, together with the ship's crockery was at our disposal. The food was good, of great variety and served hot.

At about seven p. m. anchor was weighed and a few minutes later we slipped through the gates of Brest Harbor leaving the coast of France an indistinct line through the heavy drizzle. By seven-thirty we were tossing in a choppy, white-capped sea which ruined many of the happy dispositions and complexions of both Army and Navy. Motion pictures were held on the quarter-deck almost every evening and were attended by all ranks of both services. The Navy band was generous with its music and furnished concerts morning, afternoon and evening. Besides this there was boxing, wrestling, a well-stocked canteen, phonographs and a library of recent works.

There was but comparatively little sickness on board and but one serious case, that of Herbert Faunce who had contracted influenza which developed into pneumonia. For eight anxious days the men of the company worried but due to most excellent care and the untiring efforts of the ship's doctor, Faunce was pulled through his crisis.

On March 13th we were all stirring early for it had been announced that we would dock sometime during the day. We were held up on account of the heavy fog but slowly picked our way and had hardly passed Sandy Hook when

THIRD PLATOON AT CONNERRE

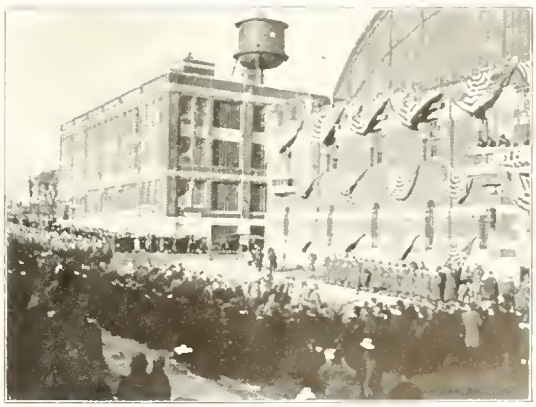
our attention was drawn to a little craft which as it drew nearer we discerned to be a harbor tug gaily decorated with flags and banners. Running the full length of the tug was one large printing "Rochester." "To the devil belongs his due" and we must here acknowledge that the upstate contingent of our company were the first to receive a personal welcome. It is interesting to note at this point that as the little tug pulled alongside the most conspicuous gifts showered upon the Missouri were the popular large red apples for which the men of the "Flower City" had been dubbed "Apple-Knockers," a nickname then confirmed to live forever.

We were greeted by an enthusiastic reception. Before leaving the boat the men of the battalion joined in a hearty cheer for the crew of the Missouri who were as sincere and enthusiastic in reciprocating. On the dock we were met by the ever present Red Cross workers with coffee and rolls and immediately thereafter piled aboard the ferry which took us to Weehawken. Here we boarded trains — real American day coaches — and were carried to Camp Merritt, Tenafly, N. J. That night the men were detained in camp to be properly deloused and then until the following Sunday passes were issued to allow them to go to their respective homes. On Sunday the battalion proceeded to the First Cavalry Armory in Brooklyn to prepare their equipment for the Brooklyn parade the following day. The welcome we received in Brooklyn and in the Divisional Parade the following day in Manhattan will go down in history and cannot be adequately described by the editors. On Wednesday, March 26th, we reported at the armory and

THE GOOD OLD ROLLING KITCHEN

marched to the Long Island Railroad station and entrained for Camp Upton where we were again physically and mentally examined by the officials and on April 2nd every man in the company received his honorable discharge and shortly after ten a. m. the men were speeding homeward back to their "civies."

The last curtain has fallen and as it rises for a brief finale, we curtsey and retire to leave alone for a moment in the glare of the footlights, the officers who made Company A the happy family and efficient fighting unit for which it was often applauded. With full and lasting devotion to our Captain Roberts and his lieutenants we pay a soldier's highest tribute in that if the war were to be fought again we could think of no greater privilege than to be re-enlisted in their command.



Returning to Brooklyn Armory of First N. Y. Cavalry.

THE DUKE'S OWN

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS ON MISSOURI

© Underwood & Underwood

THE MISSOURI ARRIVES WITH FAMOUS FIGHTERS!

The U. S. battleship Missouri is seen arriving at her pier in Hoboken with members of the famous 106th Machine Gun Battalion, of the 27th Division, crowding her decks. These are the boys who won undying fame by smashing the Hindenburg Line.

In Memoriam

"But whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle's rau.
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man."

✠

Among the members of Company A who went with us to France eight were destined not to see their home land again. These gallant men laid down their lives in the performance of duty. To them is given the respect and affection of every member of the Company. We honor their memory and bear witness to their courage, nobility and selfless devotion to the Cause for which they fought.

ARTHUR STRUCK

Killed in Action

HARRY C. WALSH

Killed in Action

GORDON H. BURROWS

Died in France

JOSEPH F. MAGUIRE

Died in France

HUBERT A. BOUCHER

Died in France

ROBERT F. CARRIE

Died in France

ANTHONY S. DISIO

Died in France

GEORGE A. SCHAEFER

Died in France

CITATIONS

Following are Citations, etc., received by 27th Division

(London *Times* clipping)

AMERICAN ATTACK NEAR LE CATELET

"Advance "Into the Blue"

(From C. E. W. Bean)

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS

September 30th.

This morning Australian infantry started from their positions astride the front and second systems of the Hindenburg Line, which they reached yesterday, and worked gradually along both systems. By midday a report was received that they had captured Bony, near the northern end of the front system. They also worked well up the second system towards Gouy.

There is not the slightest doubt that, in their first assault yesterday, the Americans reached Gouy. Farther south, where the American attack seized Bellicourt and Nauroy, the Australians passed through yesterday afternoon and reached Joncourt exactly according to programme. They found here a certain number of American troops, who carried their first magnificent assault far beyond their objectives. As the left flank was here in the air, the Australians brought in these Americans in order to get in touch with the troops in the second system on the Hindenburg Line before Nauroy, where they spent the night. These Australians brought back with them eight German field guns and 250 prisoners.

Some day, when the full story of the American attack yesterday can be told the American people will have every reason to thrill with pride at these magnificent troops upon whom the tremendous task of yesterday fell. Never in this war have I seen keener or braver soldiers or more intelligent and high-minded men. These two divisions, young in experience, were faced with the formidable task of breaking through two double systems of the greatest defence line the Germans ever constructed at the end where the enemy knew it was certain that the attack must come within a few days. The tunnels, dug-outs, and every nook and cranny of that system were garrisoned. Uncertainty in regard to the position of their own front line on the left of the attack made the task still more difficult. Yet these troops carried this formidable assault, and penetrated deeper even than was intended, and delivered to the Germans a blow which attracted the greater part of the enemy opposition, and which, beyond all question, enabled the great defence to be broken in a position which was of the utmost importance to the Allied advance.

The Australians today are attacking up the trenches, fearing that pockets of wounded and living Americans are still there. The fact that the northern portion of the attack is hampered through the Germans reappearing behind the Americans does not detract from the grand spirit of these young troops and the magnificent self-sacrifice with which they have carried out what they believed to be their task. Every Australian soldier is proud to be the comrade of the British and Americans in this fight.

HEADQUARTERS II CORPS

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

France, Oct. 4, 1918.

From: Adjutant General.

To: Commanding General, 27th Division, American E. F.

Subject: Operation against Hindenburg Line of September 29, 1918.

I. Following is letter received from the Commanding General, Australian Corps:

AUSTRALIAN CORPS

CORPS HEADQUARTERS

2nd October, 1918.

My dear General:

As the Second American Corps has now been withdrawn from the line, and my official association with you and your troops has been, for the time being, suspended, I desire to express to you the great pleasure that it has been to me and to the troops of the Australian Army Corps to have been so closely allied to you in the recent very important battle operations which have resulted in the breaking through of the main HINDENBURG Line on the front of the Fourth British Army.

Now that fuller details of the work done by the 27th and 30th American Divisions have become available, the splendid gallantry and devotion of the troops in these operations have won the admiration of their Australian comrades. The tasks set were formidable, but the American troops overcame all obstacles and contributed in a very high degree to the ultimate capture of the whole tunnel system.

I shall be glad if you will convey to your Division Commanders my appreciation of and thanks for the work done, and to accept my best wishes for every possible success in the future.

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN MONASH.

MAJOR-GENERAL G. W. READ, N. A.,

Commanding Second American Corps.

II. In communicating to you this expression of the sentiments of the Commander of the Australian Corps, the Corps Commander desires to make known to you his appreciation of the splendid fighting qualities of your division, and of the results they accomplished in their part in breaking this formidable portion of the Hindenburg Line. It is undoubtedly due to the troops of this Corps that the line was broken and the operations now going on made possible.

The unflinching determination of these men, their gallantry in battle, and the results accomplished, are an example for the future. They will have their place in history and must always be a source of pride to our people.

STEPHEN C. CLARK,

Adjutant General.

Hq. 27th Div., U. S. A., A. E. F., 5. October 1918. OFFICIAL COPY to all concerned.

HEADQUARTERS, 27th DIVISION
AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE

BULLETIN
No. 100

19, October '18.

I. The following telegram from the Commanding General II Corps, A. E. F., is published for the information and guidance of all concerned:
Commanding General 27th Division.

The following repeated for your information quote number 1606G3 the Commander-in-Chief desires you to convey to the officers and soldiers of your corps his appreciation of the magnificent qualities which have enabled them comma against powerful resistance comma to advance more than ten miles and to take more than six thousand prisoners since September twenty-seventh McAndrew unquote Addsd 27th and 30th Divns.

SECOND AMERICAN CORPS.

By Command of MAJOR-GENERAL O'RYAN:

STANLEY H. FORD,
Colonel, G. S., Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

H. B. BATTENBERG, Adjutant General, Division Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS 27th DIVISION U. S. A.

AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE

BULLETIN
No. 103

October 21, 1918.

Since the 25th of September—a period of nearly one month—the division has been engaged almost continuously in fighting and marching. Some of this fighting involved a leading role in one of the fiercest battles of the war—the breaking of the great Hindenburg defence line. We have suffered the loss of some of our best officers and men, but unfortunately, such losses are incidental to battles of such magnitude. Only divisions highly trained and disciplined, possessing the greatest confidence and morale and at the very top notch of their strength could have accomplished what this division and our comrades of the 30th Division accomplished in that great battle. Only such divisions could have met the sacrifices demanded, and with morale unimpaired have renewed the advance in the manner characterizing the operations of the past two weeks.

This is not the occasion to describe the Hindenburg defenses or the details of the battle for breaking them. That will doubtless be done after the war. The same comment applies to the details of the operations since that engagement. Nevertheless, the Division Commander cannot withhold this expression of his admiration and respect for the valor and discipline as well as the endurance and spirit manifested by officers and men throughout this long period of fighting. These sentiments are stimulated by the events of the past week, when reduced in strength, the Division attacked the enemy, took the town of St. Souplet, forced the crossing of the Le Selle River, and against strong opposition successfully assaulted the heights on the other side. Since that date the Division has attacked daily taking by assault the town of Arbre Guernon and a number of strongly fortified farms and forcing a withdrawal of the enemy to the Canal De La Sambre.

In this latter advance the Division captured more than 1 100 German officers and enlisted men, and a vast amount of military property including field guns, a great number of machine guns, both light and heavy anti-tank guns, trench mortars, dumps of ammunition and railroad rolling stock. In all this fighting the character of the enemy's resistance and the extent of his losses are indicated by the large number of enemy dead on the field.

The efforts of the past month constitute a record to be proud of, and their value is indicated in the commendatory letter from the Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Forces which has been published for the information of the division. Officers and men have justified the estimate made of the division, when after its arrival in France it was selected to hold the Mt. Kemmel sector against the expected great effort of the enemy to drive through to the sea. They have justified the opinions of their fighting qualities formed when that crisis, with the evacuation of Mt. Kemmel, had passed, and the division promptly attacked and took Vierstaat Ridge, being, with the 30th Division on our left, the first American troops to fight on Belgian territory.

JOHN F. O'RYAN,
Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS, 27th DIVISION, U. S. A.
AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE

From: Commanding General.
To: Commanding General, 54th Infantry Brigade.
Subject: Commendation.

October 22, 1918.

1. I write to express through you to the officers and men of the 106th Machine Gun Battalion and the Machine Gun Companies of your Brigade, my admiration and respect for their valor, initiative and endurance during the great battle for the breaking of the Hindenburg Line and the operations subsequent thereto.

2. Almost continuously since that battle the division has been fighting and marching, lying in shell holes at night, attacking at dawn, fighting throughout the day against a most determined machine gun and artillery resistance and repeating this after temporary relief which meant only lying in other shell holes or pits in positions of close support. The skill, endurance and determination of the machine gunners contributed largely to the success of the operations which resulted in our forcing the crossing of the Le Selle River, capturing Bandival Farm and the town of Arbre Guernon, taking the farms of Jone De Mer and La Rue, and in co-operation with flanking divisions, driving the enemy to the line of the Canal De La Sambre.

3. Whether in attack or in resisting counter attacks the conduct of the machine gun units has been characterized at all times by the exceptional courage and skill of officers and the valor and determination of the men. The machine gun units have won the respect and admiration of the entire division.

JOHN F. O'RYAN,
Major General.

HEADQUARTERS, 27th DIVISION U. S. A.

AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE

BULLETIN
No. 104

October 23, 1918.

The following communication received from the French Mission is published for information of the division. In connection therewith the Division Commander wishes to express his extreme satisfaction over the manner in which our men respected the property rights of those absent from their damaged buildings, and aided and sympathized with the civilian survivors of the bombardment and the refugees who returned.

From personal observation and from conversations with civilians who expressed their gratitude for the attitude of our men, the Division Commander feels that on the occasion referred to, they gave further demonstration of their rectitude and discipline.

From: French Mission, Headquarters 27th Division,

To: Commanding General, 27th Division.

Subject: Expression of gratitude by the French inhabitants.

Officer interpreter R. Bernstein has been requested by the acting Mayor of Busigny and by numerous inhabitants of the town and also of St. Souplet and Escaufort, to express their heartfelt gratitude for all the kindness that was shown to them by the 27th Division.

They fully realize what the officers and soldiers have done in assisting the evacuation of civilians, in feeding them, in giving medical aid to the sick and aged.

They fully realize the debt of gratitude which they have incurred towards American troops and Officer Interpreter Bernstein considers it a great honor and privilege for him to convey to you these feelings of his countrymen.

LIEUT. ROBERT BERNSTEIN,
Officer Interpreter.

By Command of MAJOR-GENERAL O'RYAN:
STANLEY H. FORD,
Colonel, G. S., Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:
H. B. BATTENBERG, Adjutant General, Division Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS, 27th DIVISION
AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE

BULLETIN
No. 102

24, October 1918.

The following letter from the Commanding General, 3rd Australian Division is published for the information of the Division:

France, 14, October 1918.

General:

On behalf of all ranks of the 3rd Australian Division, I desire to express our sincere appreciation of the fighting qualities displayed by the 27th Division U. S. on the 27th and 29th September last. The gallant manner in which your troops faced an extremely difficult task, the determination of their attacks on a strongly entrenched position, and the undaunted spirit with which they met their losses make us hope that we shall again have the honour of fighting alongside the Division under your command. The confidence of the men in their officers appealed to us as a particularly happy omen for the future successes of the 27th.

Very respectfully,

I. GELLIBRAND,
Major General
Comdg. 3rd Australian Division

OFFICIAL:

MAJOR GENERAL O'RYAN,
Comdg. 27th American Division.

COPY.

GENERAL ORDERS
No. 44.

HEADQUARTERS, 27th DIVISION
AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE

28, October, 1918.

BULLETIN
No. 108

Fourth Army No. G. S. 2/25.

II American Corps.

Now that the American Corps has come out of the line for a well earned period of rest and training, I desire to place on record my appreciation of the great gallantry and the fine soldierly spirit they have displayed throughout the recent hard fighting.

The breaking of the great HINDENBURG system of defence, coupled with the capture of Grandcourt, Busigny and St. Souplet, and finally the forcing the passages of the Selle River constitute a series of victories of which each officer, N. C. O. and man has every reason to feel proud.

The Corps has been very well supported by the artillery of the Australian Corps, to whom I desire to offer my best thanks for their skill and endurance during the long months they have now been in action.

The efficiency with which the staff work of the Corps has been carried out on this their first experience as a fighting Corps in the line of battle has filled me with admiration, and I attribute it largely to the zeal and unity of purpose which has throughout animated the whole Corps.

The outstanding feature of their recent victories has been the surpassing gallantry and self-sacrifice of the regimental officers and men. I congratulate them on their prowess and offer them one and all my warmest thanks for the leading part they have taken in the recent operations.

It is possible now to give the Corps a period of rest, during which special attention should be paid to the training of the smaller units in minor tactics, such as the attack of strong points and machine gun nests. The experience they have had of actual combat will assist them to improve their fighting efficiency in this respect.

In thanking the Corps as a whole for the great services they have rendered to the Allied cause, I desire to wish all ranks the best of good fortune in the future.

H. S. RAWLINSON,
General, Commanding Fourth Army.

Adv. H. Q., Fourth Army.
22nd October, 1918.

By Command of MAJOR GENERAL O'RYAN:

STANLEY H. FORD,
Colonel, G. S., Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

H. B. BATTENBERG, Adjutant General, Division Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS, 27th DIVISION

AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE

BULLETIN
No. 118

15, November, '18.

The following telegram from the Commander-in-Chief, American Expeditionary Forces is published for the information of all concerned:

"Haef Nov. 13. The following general order of Nov. 12th is telegraphed for your information. The enemy has capitulated. It is fitting that I address myself in thanks directly to the officers and soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces who by their heroic efforts have made possible this glorious result. Our armies, hurriedly raised and hastily trained, met a veteran enemy, and by courage, discipline and skill always defeated him. Without complaint you have endured incessant toil, privation and danger. You have seen many of your comrades make the supreme sacrifice that freedom may live. I thank you for the patience and courage with which you have endured. I congratulate you upon the splendid fruits of victory which your heroism and the blood of our gallant dead are now presenting to our nation. Your deeds will live forever on the most glorious pages of American History. These things you have done. There remains now a harder task which will test your soldierly qualities to the utmost. Succeed in this and little note will be taken and few praises will be sung; fail and the light of your glorious achievements of the past will sadly be dimmed. But you will not fail. Every natural tendency may urge toward relaxation in discipline, in conduct, in appearance, in everything that marks the soldier is the representative in Europe of his people and that his brilliant deeds of yesterday permit no action of today to pass unnoticed by friend or by foe. You will meet this test as gallantly as you have met the tests of the battlefield. Sustained by your high ideals and inspired by the heroic part you have played, you will carry back to our people the proud consciousness of a new Americanism born of sacrifice. Whether you stand on hostile territory or on the friendly soil of France, you will so bear yourself in discipline, appearance and respect for all civil rights that you will confirm for all time the pride and love which America feels for your uniform and for you. Signed, Pershing."

By Command of BRIGADIER GENERAL PIERCE.

T. B. TAYLOR.
Colonel, G. S., Acting Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

H. B. BATTENBERG, Adjutant General, Division Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS II CORPS,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

GENERAL ORDERS
No. 44

France, November 18, 1918.

1. The following letter from the Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies to the Commanding General II Corps is published for the information of the officers and soldiers of this command:

"Now that the American II Corps is leaving the British Zone, I wish once more to thank you and all officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of your command, on behalf of both myself and all ranks of the British Armies in France and Flanders, for the very gallant and efficient service you have rendered during the period of your operations with the Fourth British Army.

"On 29th September, you took part with distinction in the great and critical attack which shattered the enemy's resistance in the Hindenburg Line and opened the road to final victory. The deeds of the 27th and 30th American Divisions, who on that day took Bellicourt and Nauroy and so gallantly sustained the desperate struggle for Bony, will rank with the highest achievements of this war. They will always be remembered by the British Regiments that fought beside you.

"Since that date, through three weeks of continuous fighting you advanced from one success to another, overcoming all resistance, beating off numerous counter-attacks, and capturing several thousand prisoners and many guns. The names of Brancourt, Premont, Busigny, Vaux Andigny, St. Souplet, and Mezinghein, testify to the dash and energy of your attacks.

"I rejoice at the success which has attained your efforts and I am proud to have had you under my command.

(Signed) D. HAIG,
Field Marshal."

By Command of MAJOR GENERAL REED:
GEORGE S. SIMMONDS,
Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:
STEPHEN C. CLARK, Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS, 27th DIVISION
AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE

BULLETIN
No. 123

25, November, '18.

The following letter from the Commanding General, II Corps, A. E. F., dated November 16, 1918 is published for the information of this command:

1. Referring to the telegram from the Commander-in-Chief of appreciation of the sacrifice and service of the troops of the American Expeditionary Force, I feel that it should be impressed upon the men of our command that they, and the organizations to which they belong, have played an exceptional part in bringing about the magnificent results which the Commander-in-Chief has so warmly eulogized, and that every advantage should be taken of this expression of what has been done in the past and confidence as to the future by those in command to inspire their men with pride in the service they have had as soldiers in the Army of the United States, and to keep alive this "proud consciousness of a new Americanism born of sacrifice."

2. I would request that you convey to your command my appreciation of the part they have taken in our great victory, and my thanks for their heroic devotion to duty; and that I share with them their sorrow for fallen comrades, and their pride in the high achievements of the men of this Corps.

(Signed) G. W. READ.
Major General, Commanding.

By Command of MAJOR GENERAL O'RYAN:
T. B. TAYLOR.
Colonel, G. S., Actg. Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:
H. B. BATTENBERG, Adjutant General, Division Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS, 27th DIVISION
AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE

BULLETIN
No. 39

February 20, 1919.

1. The Division Commander has received the following from Sir Douglas Haig, Field Marshal, Commander-in-Chief, British Expeditionary Forces.
No. A. O. A. 122.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS
BRITISH ARMIES IN THE FIELD
12th February, 1919.

To the General Officer Commanding and the officers, non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the 27th American Division:

You are returning in victory from the first campaign in which American troops have fought on European soil. Secure in the strength and limitless resources of your own great country on the other side of the Atlantic, the call of outraged humanity which from the outset of the war sounded so loudly and so closely in British ears was heard from afar by the manhood of our sister nation. A people less far sighted, less imbued with the lofty ideals of liberty, might never have heeded that call. You heard it, you gave it heed, and when the time was ripe and every city, township, village, hamlet and farm in your mighty land knew the full meaning of the desperate conflict raging beyond the seas, you flung yourselves into the fray, ardent and impetuous on the side of Right.

Right triumphed. You who now return to the homes that sent you forth in faith and hope, to make if need be the supreme sacrifice for the belief that is in you, can say to those who greet you that in that triumph you have had your share. You can point to a proud record of achievement, to the months of patient earnest training, to the incessant strain and watchfulness of the trenches, to the fury of great battles. You can point also to your sacrifices, made with a courage and devotion unsurpassed in all the dread story of this war — abundant in heroism, — sacrifices which were the price of world liberty and peace which you have helped so powerfully to build up anew.

Returning, you and all ranks of the American Expeditionary Force carry back with you the pride, affection and esteem of all who fought beside you, and not least of those with whom you share a common language and a common outlook upon life. The memory of our great attack upon the HINDENBURG Line on the 29th September 1918, in which the 27th American Division along with troops from all parts of the British Empire took so gallant and glorious a part, will never die and the service then rendered by American troops will be recalled with gratitude and admiration throughout the British Empire. I rejoice to think, that in the greater knowledge and understanding born of perils and hardships shared together, we have learnt at last to look beyond old jealousies and past quarrels to the essential qualities which unite the great English-speaking nations.

In bidding God speed to you whom for a time I was privileged to have under my command, I feel confident that the new era opened out before us by the appearance of American troops on the battlefields of the Old World will see the sympathy and friendship now established between our two nations constantly deepened and strengthened, to the lasting advantage of both peoples.

D. HAIG, Field-Marshal,
Commanding-in-Chief,
British Armies in France.

OFFICIAL:

TRISTRAM TUPPER, Adjutant General, Division Adjutant.

The Division Commander has replied as follows:

HEADQUARTERS 27th DIVISION U. S. A.
AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE
A. P. O. 718

February 18, 1919.

Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig,
Commander-in-Chief,
British Armies in France.

My dear General Haig:

I acknowledge receipt of your very generous letter commending the battle record of the 27th Division. On behalf of the officers and men of the Division I express appreciation of your words and of the sentiments which inspired them. With you I rejoice in the knowledge that our relations born of peril and sacrifices shared together in campaign and in battle, constitute an enduring tie that will be proof against the petty distractions of ordinary times.

The personnel of our Division, being Americans, are the descendants of many races and peoples, some of them having no sentimental or other ties with Great Britain. It is natural to assume that they entered upon the service of their Division with the British Army, with widely varying notions respecting British soldiers and the soldiers of her colonies. I think I fairly state the sentiments of our officers and men when I say that upon the completion of our service, we carried with us respect and admiration for your soldiers, both officers and men. We found them to be brave and patient in adversity, courageous and magnanimous in victory, and under all conditions highly disciplined and modest in deportment. Toward us they acted like brothers—not as formal Allies in a joint endeavor. And so we leave France with a complete reciprocation of the sentiments you have been kind enough to express and with gratitude for many kindnesses, both professional and personal, shown us by you yourself and by the Commanding Generals of the II and IV Armies and the officers associated with them.

With best wishes and expressions of high personal regard, I am,

Very respectfully,

JOHN F. O'RYAN,
Major-General
Commanding.

By Command of Major-General O'RYAN:

W. H. RAYMOND
Colonel, G. S., Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

TRISTRAM TUPPER, Adjutant General, Division Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS, 27th DIVISION

AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE

BULLETIN
No. 34

February 19, 1919.

I. The following farewell message to the 27th Division has been received at these Headquarters from General H. S. Rawlinson, Commanding the Fourth Army, B. E. F.:

As the commander of the Fourth British Army I keenly appreciate the honour of having had the 27th Division under my command in the great Cambrai-St. Quentin Battle which decided the war in favour of the Allies.

The gallantry of all ranks of the divisions in that battle, as well as in subsequent engagements, has filled me with admiration and all units of the Fourth Army value beyond measure the privilege of having been so closely associated with their brave comrades from New York. The seeds of good fellowship and mutual esteem which have been sown with the blood of the fallen, on the battle grounds of France, will bear fruit as time goes on in the wider field of international relationship — and I look forward to the future with a firm conviction that whatever may be the trials and tribulations to which we may be subjected, the close friendship of the English-speaking peoples is now founded on the bed rock of mutual sacrifice and esteem, which will stand secure for many generations to some.

(Signed) RAWLINSON.

By command of MAJOR GENERAL O'RYAN:

W. H. RAYMOND,
Colonel, G. S., Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

TRISTRAM TUPPER, Adjutant General, Division Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS, 27th DIVISION
AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE

BULLETIN
No. 38

February 20, 1919.

I. The following, received by the Division Commander, from Lieutenant General John Monash, commanding Australian Corps, is published for the information of all concerned:

The affinity of the Australian people and Australian soldiers for the great American Republic took birth from the memorable visit of the American Fleet to our shores. It was fostered by mutual sympathy with the common ideals shared by these two democracies,—and by the community of their interests in the problems of the Pacific. It culminated in the comradeship of their fighting men in the Great War. The flower of the youth of Australia and of America met and fraternized upon the battle-scarred soil of France. They recognized, in each other, a kindredship of spirit and of their outlook upon life. They were privileged to fight shoulder to shoulder in several of the most notable battles of the War.

From July 4th, the famous day of Hamel, when American troops first entered the conflict, until the final and decisive series of victories which in September and October resulted in the capture of the great Hindenburg Line in its most formidable sector, Australians and Americans have worked and fought and bled together. These stirring events have set the seal upon their brotherhood.

For none of all the American troops with which they have been thus associated will the "diggers" (as they are affectionately nicknamed) have a more lasting remembrance than for the boys of the 27th American Division. To the gallantry and sacrifices of this splendid Division, as displayed in that heroic feat of arms which led to the capture of the famous Tunnel, and of Bony, Gouy and Le Catelet, our men bear willing witness. It was this knock-out blow that compelled the Germans to launch their final peace offer, which so soon after led to the Armistice.

It has been, to me personally, a source of great pride to have had the 27th Division, together with its sister Division, the 30th, under my command for these great operations, and to have been afforded the opportunity of so close and successful an association with their Commanders, Staffs and Soldiers,— and I do not doubt that the men of the 27th Division will not soon forget their comrades of the Australian Army Corps. LONDON. JOHN MONASH. Lieut.-General.

II. The following letter from Sir Herbert Plumer, Commanding Second Army B. E. F., with which the 27th Division saw service in Flanders, is published for the information of all concerned:

HEADQUARTERS, SECOND ARMY, Cologne

9 February 1919.

Dear General: I should like before the Division returns to the United States to convey to you and to them my appreciation of the service rendered by the Division while they were with the 2nd Army.

The wonderful spirit which animated all ranks and the gallantry displayed in the minor engagements they took part in with us foreshadowed the successes they would achieve later.

Our regret was that the period of their service with the 2nd Army was so brief.

Believe me.

Yours sincerely,

HERBERT PLUMER.

By command of MAJOR GENERAL O'RYAN:

W. H. RAYMOND, Colonel, G. S., Chief of Staff.

To G. O. C., 27th American Division.

OFFICIAL: TRISTRAM TUPPER, Adjutant General, Division Adjutant.

COMPANY PORTRAITS *and* ROSTER

The following pictures were obtained after many attempts on the part of Captain Roberts and the editor to get each man to send his picture in. Some of them, made from group pictures are poor, but we tried our best to have a photograph of each man. It is with regret that we go to press with so many missing.

WALTER R. KUHN
"Pop"

BERT MORLEY

JONNIE (J. P.) REILLY

McALESTER

CHUCK WADHAMS

FRANK COLLINS

JIM LINDSAY

JOE JOYCE

KEN PERKINS

HERB RAY

ED. ZIMMER

BILL DUNN

GEORGE CRAWFORD

GIG PFLUM

GEORGE GUARE

JACK O'BRIEN

SAM HEAD

TOM KANE

BOB WAIT

CY JOYCE

CHARLIE JOHNSON

CHIEF DROWNE

"G. MERRITT" WARD

AL. EVERSON

RUSTY MOWRIS

DON MacCHESNEY

ED. MURPHY

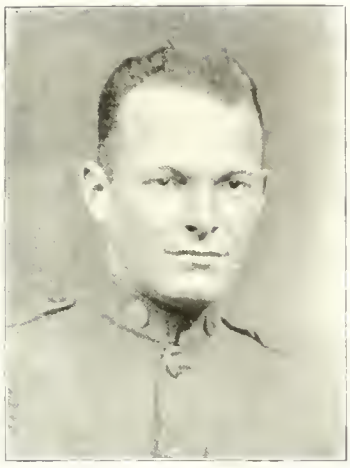
JIMMIE COLLYER

RUS. BREWSTER

BILL KETCHAM

ART PALMER

ARKIE ARLIDGE



JACK BRIGHT

TED DERKEE

DORIE HINES

ART LIGHT

ELMER STUBBE

WALT STOBBE

PAT POWERS

CHARLIE GALVIN

ROGE HANNIGAN

GEORGE CHASE

HEN MENNE

TED LINDSTROM

FRED WITTEMER

JIMMY TOSCANO

HENRY AKINS

RED BARBER

ALBERT BERGGREN

"SHAKESPEARE" BLACKHALL

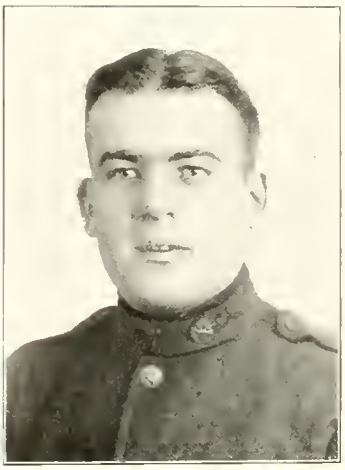
ART BOYLAN

WALTER BROWN

TABBY BROWN

CLAUDE BUHSEN

GEORGE COOPER



TOM CAMPBELL

JACK CLAIRE

FRED COHEN

SEYMOUR COOK

VINCENT CRISCELLO

FRANK DEEGAN

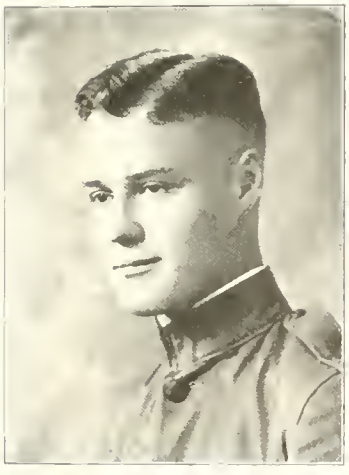
WALT DINGWALL

GEORGE DUFFY

FRANK ENOS

GUS EKLUND

BOB FRENCH



HERB FAUNCE

AL GIBEAU

JACK GORDON

HENRY GOUGH

HAM GRISWOLD

GOULD HATCH

ROBERT IRWIN

CHARLIE LEE

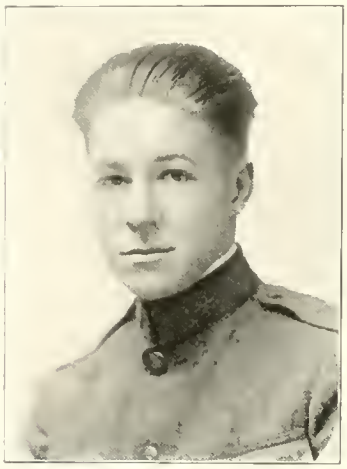
JOHN G. LITTLE

JACK MAHONY

JOE MANDL

HOWIE METTLER

HARRY MESSINGER



FRANK MEZGER

RUS MOONEY

AL NELSON

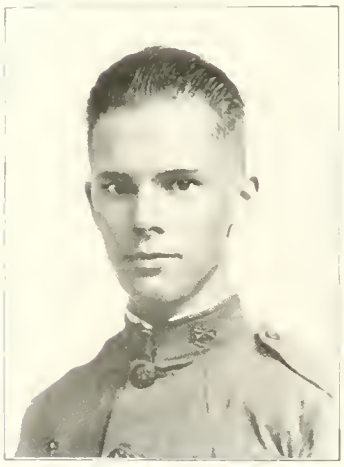
OTTO OSTENDORF

BOB PROCTOR

RAY RIKER

GEORGE SCHEHL

FRED SCHEMPF



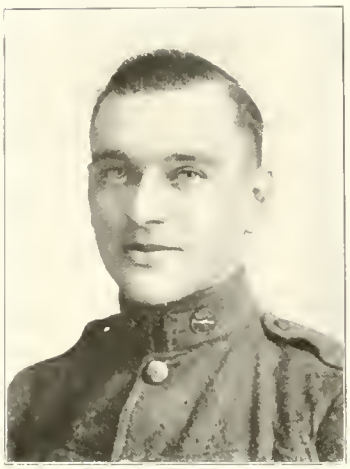
CHICK SHELDON

OLLIE SMITH

PORT SMYTHE

IRA SNOW

LARRY SOLVILLE



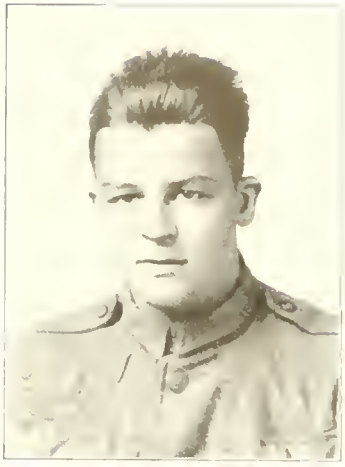
LLOYD SOUVILLE

GEORGE VAN DEUSEN

BOB WADHAMS

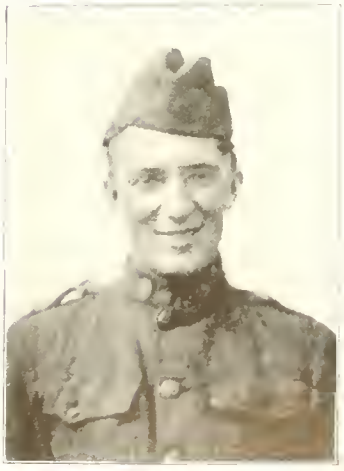
LEE WALKER

RED WANGMANN



RALPH WEST

NORM WILLIAMS



WILLIAM BARESCH

HARVEY BASSETT

FARMER BRAND

PATTY CARAIN

GEORGE DAY

FRANK DESPREAUX

FRANK DINGWALL

JOHN DOLAN

FRANCIS DONA

FRED H. DUVE

HENRY W. FRITZ

ALEXANDER GALBRAITH

JACK GALLAGHER

GIUSEPPI GERARDI

BILL GLATZMAYER

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BILL KANE

HARRY KNOBEL

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ROBERT TRACY

WALTER STEIN

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GEORGE VINCENT

HOWARD WALZER

BILL WEAVER

NICHOLAS ZAFFARANO

CLARENCE ZELLER

FRED ZEITLER

ROSTER

COMPANY "A" 106th MACHINE GUN BATTALION

Captain:

Roberts, John S. ..... 2006 Caton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

First Lieutenants:

Beamish, Edgar T. ..... 375 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Wellington, Roger H. ..... 82 Brunswick St., Rochester, N. Y.

Second Lieutenants:

McDonnell, Myles ..... 715 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Grant, Francis B. ..... 224 Vassar St., Rochester, N. Y.
Hawkins, Earl E. ..... 110 Keeline Building, Omaha, Neb.

First Sergeant:

Kuhn, Walter R. ..... 63 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Supply Sergeant:

Morley, Elbert F. ..... 111 Pearl St., New York City

Stable Sergeant:

Reilly, John P. (Gassed) ..... 1119 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mess Sergeant:

McAlester, Walter C. (Wounded) ..... 16 Atkinson St., Rochester, N. Y.

Sergeants:

Wadhams, Charles (Candidate Officer) ..... Pittsford, N. Y.
Collins, Frank W. ..... 136 Fitzhugh St., Rochester, N. Y.
Lindsay, James L. ..... 1259 Bay St., Rosebank, S. I., N. Y.
Joyce, Joseph F. ..... 293 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Perkins, Kenneth R. (Candidate Officer) ..... 1119 Kenmore Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ray, Herbert C. ..... 798 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Follit, Robert R. ..... 8 East Ninth St., New York City
Zimmer, Edward L. (Wounded) ..... 700 Monroe Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Dunn, Wilbur R. ..... West Henrietta, N. Y.
Crawford, George M. ..... 31 N. Parsons Ave., Flushing, N. Y.
Pflum, Guy S. ..... 201 West 104th St., New York City
Kyritz, Albert, Jr. ..... 1993 78th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Smith, Harley C. ..... 228 W. Chestnut St., E. Rochester, N. Y.
Guare, George H. ..... 718-A President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
O'Brien, John J. ..... 112 Eighth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Head, Sanford J. ..... 105 Kenwood Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Kane, Thomas F. ..... 139 Third St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Wait, Robert R. ..... 237 Smith St., Peekskill, N. Y.
Joyce, Charles C. ..... 293 Sterling Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Johnson, Charles H. ..... 1255 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Browne, Brewer C. ..... 15 Madison St., Rutland, Vt.

Ward, George M. (Commissioned) ..... 36 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Everson, Alfred H. (Transferred) ..... 146 Hawthorne St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Corporals:

Collyer, Joseph O. ..... 8201 13th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mowris, Russell C. ..... 285 Alexander St., Rochester, N. Y.
MacChesney, Don R. ..... 136 Fulton St., Rochester, N. Y.
Murphy, Edward J. ..... 186 Ainslie St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Collyer, James M. ..... 8201 13th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Brewster, Russell G. ..... 87 Woodruff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ketcham, William B. ..... West Webster, N. Y.
Palmer, Arthur C. ..... Pittsford, N. Y.
Arlidge, Ralph J. ..... 131 Grand Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Bright, Albert J. ..... 1930 82nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Durkee, Roosevelt W. ..... 14 Gregory St., Rochester, N. Y.
Hines, John D. ..... 207 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Light, Arthur S. ..... 7503 Fort Hamilton Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Stubbe, Elmer J. ..... 53 Beauford St., Rochester, N. Y.
Slobbe, Walter B. ..... 86 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Walker, Harry (Transferred) ..... 8 East Ninth St., New York City

Cooks:

Powers, Patrick ..... 28 East 126th St., New York City
Hannigan, Rodger ..... 301 West 119th St., New York City
Galvin, Charles, C/o Miss Mary Galvin ..... 540 West 126th St., New York City
Fiekers, Bernard H. ..... 1228 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mechanics:

Chase, George T. (Wounded) ..... 8223 13th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lindstrom, Theodore ..... 1665 Edgewater Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Maguire, Joseph F. (Died). Mrs. Mary J. Maguire (Mother) . 191 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Menne, Henry ..... 513 East Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bernstein, Bennie (Replacement) ..... Arlington Heights, Natchez, Miss.
Wittemer, Frederick H. ..... 107 Church St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Horseshoers:

Toscano, James V. ..... 778 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hart, James E. (Replacement) ..... Route A, Box 42, Miami, Fla.

Buglers:

Denny, Emmett L. (Replacement) ..... Bellaire, Mich.
Gorman, Michael J. (Replacement) ..... R. F. D. 2, Osceola Mills, Pa.
Walsh, Harry C. (Killed in Action), Mrs. Jennie Walsh (Mother). 282 Sterling Pl., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Privates—First Class:

Akins, Henry J. ..... 22 Allen St., Hudson, N. Y.
Anglin, Robert R. (Replacement) ..... Donaldsville, Ga.

Armstrong, Hugh C. (Replacement) ..... R. F. D. 1, Cochran, Ga.
Barber, Floyd H. ..... Coxsackie, N. Y.
Berggren, Albert R. ..... 539 West 155th St., New York City
Blackhall, Frank (Wounded) ..... 208 East 34th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Blomiarz, John (Replacement) ..... 1136 Winthrop Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Boucher, Hubert A. (Died). H. A. Boucher (Father) ..... 12 Kent St., Albany, N. Y.
Boylan, Arthur E. (Gassed) ..... 871 Union St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Brown, Walter W ..... 15 West 130th St., New York City
Browne, Thomas A ..... 117 West 6th St., Bayonne, N. J.
Buhsen, Claude N. ..... 612 East 21st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Cooper, George ..... 7 Taylor St., Rochester, N. Y.
Campbell, Thomas B. ..... 113 West 102nd St., New York City
Chartress, Charles J., c/ Mrs. F. R. Geraty ..... 2101 Harrison Ave., New York City
Cichetti, Emilio ..... 307 East 103rd St., New York City
Claire, John A. (Gassed) ..... 151 Clarkson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Cohen, Fred ..... 2949 Logan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Cook, Seymour H. ..... 75 Marion Place, Rockville Centre, Long Island
Criscello, Vincent ..... 1823 First Ave., New York City
Deegan, Frank M. ..... 170 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dingwall, Walter ..... 561 First St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Duffy, George T. ..... New York and Foster Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Eagerton, Charles P. (Replacement) ..... Brinson, Ga.
Enos, Franklin J. ..... 16 Hancock St., Rochester, N. Y.
Eklund, Gustav H. ..... 760 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
French, Robert M. ..... 1117 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Faunce, Herbert J. ..... 118 Fenimore St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Gibeau, Albert J. ..... 11 Watervliet Ave., Albany, N. Y.
Gordon, Jacob S. ..... 589 Marcy Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Gough, Henry E. ..... Freshkill Road, Staten Island, N. Y.
Griswold, Hamilton C. ..... 28 Reynold St., Rochester, N. Y.
Haney, Cornelius G. (Wounded) ..... Rochester, N. Y.
Hasselwander, Hezekiah ..... 26 Curtis St., Rochester, N. Y.
Hatch, Gould A. ..... 26 Summer Park, Rochester, N. Y.
Irwin, Robert, c/ White Well Co. ..... 11 Wall St., New York City
Lee, Charles F. ..... 3 Nelson St., Rochester, N. Y.
Little, John G. ..... 11 Austin St., Rochester, N. Y.
Mahony, John F. (Detached Service) ..... 182 Seventh St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mandl, Joseph F. ..... 335 East 90th St., New York City
Mettler, Howard ..... 7 Woodruff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Messinger, Harry M. ..... 31 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mezger, Frank J. ..... 126 Kenilworth Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mooney, Russell F. (Wounded) ..... 750 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nelson, Albert L. ..... 1244 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ostendorf, Otto M. ..... 581 Clay Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Proctor, Robert G. ..... Chatham, N. Y.
Riker, Raynor M. ..... 578 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Schehl, George F. ..... 682 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Schempf, Frederick ..... 423 East 85th St., New York City
Sheldon, Charles A. ..... 489-A Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Smith, Oliver C. (Wounded) ..... 70 E. Boulevard, Rochester, N. Y.
Smythe, Henry P. ..... 1340 East Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Snow, Ira J. ..... 39 Hamilton St., Rochester, N. Y.
Souville, Lawrence W. ..... 83 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Souville, Lloyd A. ..... 83 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Thurber, Edwin W. ..... 433 East 9th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Van Deusen, George E. (Gassed) ..... Old Chatham, N. Y.
Wadhams, Robert R. ..... Pittsford, N. Y.
Walker, Charles L. ..... 833 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Wangmann, Norman A. ..... Mendon, N. Y.
West, Ralph E. ..... 722 Clinton Ave., So., Rochester, N. Y.
Williams, Norman B. ..... 10 Polhemus Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Privates:

Asp, Oliver R. (Replacement) ..... 2956 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.
Baresch, William F. ..... 961 Third Ave., College Point, N. Y.
Bassett, Harvey P. ..... 3909 Syosset St., Woodhaven, Long Island
Beckham, Harvie J. (Replacement) ..... Matador, Texas
Beier, Albert A. ..... 356 Woodmere St., Detroit, Mich.
Belkoski, Stanley (Replacement; Detached Service) ..... 1051 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.
Bell, Arthur L. (Replacement) ..... Odell, Texas
Benzie, Peter J. (Replacement) ..... Box 713, Stephen Location, Norway, Mich.
Brand, George ..... West Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.
Burnside, George Y. ..... 324 N. Bergen Ave., W. New Brighton, N. Y.
Burrows, Gordon H. (Died), Mrs. F. R. Russell, (Mother) ..... Lake Placid Club, Lake Placid, N. Y
Carlos, Jack E. ..... 230 West 107th St., New York City
Carrie, Robert F. (Died), James Carrie (Father) ..... 558 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Carvin, Patrick ..... 518 West 50th St., New York City
Cioffe, John (Transferred) ..... 700 Main St., Union Hills, N. J.
Comtoise, Edgar E. (Wounded) ..... 127 Crown St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Cooney, William (Transferred) ..... 521 West 147th St., New York City
Day, George (Transferred) ..... 486 Ashland Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.
Despreaux, Frank ..... Navesink, N. J.
Dingwall, Frank ..... 564 First St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Disio, Anthony S. (Died), August Disio (Father) ..... 65 Baker Ave., Dover, N. J.
Dolan, John J. ..... 38 Taft Ave., New Brighton, N. Y.

Dona, Francis A. ..... 336 West 72nd St., New York City
Driggs, James E ..... 101 West 53rd St., New York City
Duve, Fred H. (Wounded) ..... 267 Codding St., Akron, Ohio
Fritz, Henry W. (Transferred; Bn. Personnel Sgt.) ..... 142 Fourth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
Galbraith, Alexander, % Mrs. M. Sauer ..... 71 Wadsworth Ave., Staten Island, N. Y.
Gallagher, John H. ..... 103 Wilson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Gerardi, Guiseppi ..... 113 East 117th St., New York City
Gilfillan, Walter (Transferred) ..... 75 Clinton Ave., Staten Island, N. Y.
Glatzmayer, William (Transferred and Replacement) ..... 27 Eagle St., Schenectady, N. Y.
Grogan, William M. ..... 158th St. and Elton Ave., New York City
Hamilton, Burton C. (Detached Service) ..... 2901 Clarendon Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hausmann, Robert F. (Gassed) ..... 117 East 87th St., New York City
Jabour, Thomas S. ..... 701 Florida Ave., Jacksonville, Fla.
Jacobson, Jack ..... 118 East 27th St., New York City
Johnson, Carl O. (Wounded) ..... 773 Lexington Ave., New York City
Kainer, Herman (Replacement) ..... Flatonia, Fayette County, Texas
Kane, William H. ..... 139 Third St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Knobel, Harry D. ..... 1659 Avenue A, New York City
Labusohr, Harry ..... 209 West 140th St., New York City
Lakeland, Albert A. ..... 52 Bay Ridge Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Linder, Reuben H. ..... 1331 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
McHvenny, William (Transferred) ..... 350 Franklin St., Norwich, Conn.
Moore, William (Replacement) ..... Fitzgerald, Ga.
Murphy, Alexander D. ..... 2804 Glenwood Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Oliva, George ..... 31 East 127th St., New York City
O'Connor, Timothy (Wounded), % Mrs. H. Manning ..... 262 W. 144th St., New York City
Pearce, Frank A. ..... City Engineer Dept., Rochester, N. Y.
Priske, Frank D. (Replacement) ..... R. F. D. 3, Eldora, Iowa
Prokop, Charles F. ..... 815 Buchman Ave., Queens, L. I., N. Y.
Parfrey, Sydney (Transferred) ..... 132 East End Ave., New York City
Perdue, Edward F. (Transferred) ..... 3 Pembroke St., Rochester, N. Y.
Ross, Elmer J. (Wounded) ..... 1 Judson St., Rochester, N. Y.
Russo, Santo F. (Transferred) ..... 19 Stuart Ave., Flushing, N. Y.
Sancken, John G. ..... 709 Fresh Pond Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Schaefer, George A. (Died), George Schaefer (Father) ..... 9 Van Riper Ave., Flushing, N. Y.
Schaffner, Frederick ..... 199 Park St., Corona, N. Y.
Smyth, Louis C. (Transferred), % Miss S. Casey ..... 150 First Ave., Astoria, N. Y.
Sorensen, Peter (Replacement) ..... Latimer, Iowa
Staiger, Julius ..... 332 East 90th St., New York City
Stein, Walter L. ..... Carpenter Ave., Hollis, L. I., N. Y.
Snedeker, Thomas H. (Transferred) ..... 62 Judge St., Elmhurst, N. Y.
Stahl, Louis A. (Transferred) ..... 81 Wayne St., Jersey City, N. J.

Steckler, August (Transferred) ..... 161 West 63rd St., New York City
Struck, Arthur (Killed in Action), Mrs. Helen Froehlich (Mother),
823 Church St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Schmitz, Andrew C. (Wounded) ..... 282 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Toher, Edward ..... 1626 Second Ave., New York City
Tracey, Robert C. ..... 227 West 145th St., New York City
Tvelia, Joseph V ..... 1223 Chestnut St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Vincent, George E ..... 11 Grand St., Jamaica, N. Y.
Walzer, Howard, Jr ..... 84 Cortland St., Rochester, N. Y.
Weaver, William L. (Wounded) ..... 31 Clinton Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Williams, William R. (Replacement) ..... R. F. D. 8, Eastman, Ga.
Willms, Henry (Replacement) ..... R. F. D. 1, Applington, Ohio
Zaffarano, Nicholas ..... 58 Eighth Ave., Astoria, N. Y.
Zeller, Clarence L ..... 3392 West 25th St., Cleveland, Ohio
Zeitler, Fred C. (Wounded) ..... 91 Hickory St., Rochester, N. Y.

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